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MARCH, 1909.

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On the Life Mask of Lincoln

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

This bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he ;
That brow all wisdom, all benignity ;
That human, humorous mouth ; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the Summer's gold ;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on ; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

1809

1909

THE

LINCOLN CENTENARY

THE LINCOLN CENTENARY

FEBRUARY 12, 1909

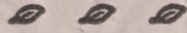
As Celebrated in New York City and
Other Historic Centers.



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O Captain! My Captain!

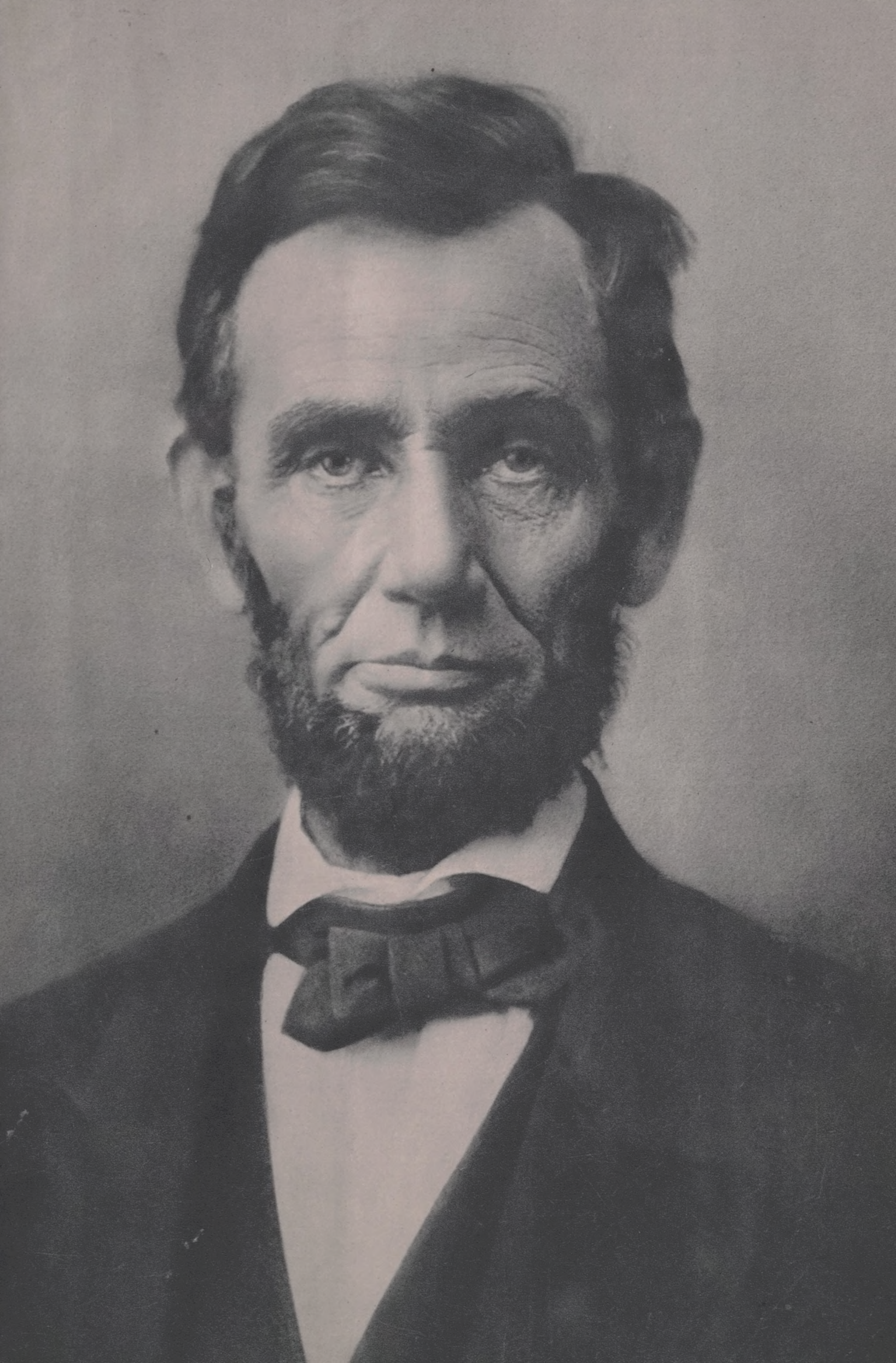


O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning:
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman.



Introduction

There is somewhere that touch of human nature, somewhere that indefinable attribute of the soul which, living, like the soul, forever, is created into an immortal love of man for man. Thus does the love for Lincoln live in the memory of his fellows. Thus will it live for many times these hundred years, nor die until the memory of man dies and the memory of that Republic which he saved has passed away.

There never was more profound and genuine respect paid to the memory of an American the country over than that to Abraham Lincoln on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the North, in the East and in the West, and down in the heart of the South his name was honored.

One of the most notable celebrations was that at the laying of the cornerstone of a memorial to be reared about the cabin in which Lincoln was born. Here, in the little town of Hodgenville, Ky., President Theodore Roosevelt, the governor of the state and others in the forefront of American life joined in the enshrining of a flower mantled, but dingy structure of logs within a noble structure of marble. Another celebration to which many made a pilgrimage was that held at Springfield, Ill., Lincoln's home, where also the building in which he had his law office and the court house in which he practiced law stand, with the little church, in which he worshipped, and his grave. M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, and James Bryce, the Ambassador from Great Britain, added their voices to those of the American speakers in praise of Mr. Lincoln at this memorial.

In New York the official celebration was held in Cooper Union. Addresses were delivered by Mayor McClellan, Joseph H. Choate and the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott. They spoke in the same hall and from the same platform from which Lincoln spoke on February 27, 1860, when he came East three months before his nomination as President by the new-born Republican party. The same reading desk and chair which Lincoln used on that occasion were used at this meeting. Other interesting meetings were held throughout the city, the one at Carnegie Hall being one of the largest. Dr. Booker T. Washington made a stirring address at the Waldorf-Astoria in the evening of February 12, with the grandson of his former master in the audience. Some of the best addresses of the day were given at the public schools of the city, all of which held commemorative exercises.

This Library contains many of the addresses delivered in Greater New York. The book is published to preserve in some permanent form the notable utterances and patriotic sentiments spoken on the hundredth anniversary of our emancipator's birth.

The memory of our beloved Lincoln will not die because this celebration is passed. It will live on and grow even more sweet. A hundred years from now the school children will sing the same patriotic praises, the Gettysburg speech will be read again in every quarter, every orator will be called upon to pay his tribute, and pilgrimages will again be made to the little farm in Kentucky. And why not?—for to him we owe the preservation of the Union, the fraternity of the states, the humanity of the Constitution, and the freedom of the race.

Abraham Lincoln

By ST. CLAIR McKELWAY.



ONE hundred years ago, Abraham Lincoln was born. To-day this nation is honoring itself in the opinion of the world by honoring him. The nation was made greater than it was by the man. The tendency of tribute is to rate the man as greater than the nation. That the man would repel, were he alive, but that is agreeable both to the gratitude and the pride of the nation. The first centenary of no man has been so commemorated since recorded time began. Never to any mortal has come so much tribute within one hundred years from his birth. That in itself is a startling fact. It stamps his country and the world with more distinction than they feel they can repay to him. It does more. It proves that the earth has attained to a greater appreciation of character and service for humanity in a shorter period, in the first century of Lincoln, than it ever did in any century before. The service Lincoln rendered is the only kind that ever so quickly won immortality.

"More service in dry computation may have been given by other men. Lincoln's service lasted only four years. The amount of service and the length of service of all other men, in Lincoln's lifetime, given to the nation appear dwarfed by his short service. Union forever and liberty forever summed his service. The quality and not the quantity, the strength and not the length, count. The consequences also enter into the case. Within less than four years Lincoln did that which will last forever. The number benefited is signally important. That includes the whole race of man. Any nation, any people, may suffer from other evils, but none will ever suffer from slavery again. Slavery will nowhere be retained. It will never be inflicted. Not that this republic was the first nation to abolish slavery, but that this government was the first one that did so, to maintain its own existence. It then made the re-establishment of slavery impossible by its own organic constitution. Lincoln in this way made the freedom of man the policy of the world. Other emancipations had been partial, gradual, conditional, commercial, compensated, optional and revocable. The motive in several cases was mainly economic. Lincoln's scale was total. His terms were unconditional, absolute, immediate, perpetual. His object was the preservation of the Union, but the consequence was the immortality of the liberty ordained.

"There should, however, not even for Lincoln, be a claim so large as the work he wrought. He was an oath-bound mag-

istrate. His oath, to preserve the Union and obey the Constitution, was never violated by him. It clearly defined what he could do. It as clearly defined what he could not do. He was true to his oath. He was regardful of its limitations. He was gratified when he found that he could do more than he thought he could, and that his ability to do that more logically grew out of his oath, to obey and enforce the Constitution and preserve the Union.

"The young of this generation and their parents should not, however, forget some very important facts. Lincoln's oath-registered obligation simply was to obey and enforce the Constitution. 'For that,' he said, 'I have registered an oath in heaven.' His obligation to that oath he never forgot, and beyond that he never went. He did not foresee that the opponents of the Union would force on him the fact that total emancipation was necessary to restore the Union and that it thus became his duty under his oath to the Constitution. For that purpose he made several offers. He proposed partial emancipation. It was rejected. He proposed gradual emancipation. It was rejected. He proposed compensated emancipation. It was rejected. His opponents shut him out from everything but immediate, absolute and unpaid emancipation, and made that as necessary to his duty to preserve the Union as it was agreeable to his heart that all men should be free. Lincoln became an emancipator by law, and that was far better than to have become one against law and in spite of law. The lawyer was long traduced by the agitators. Too many of their number were impatient, impulsive, suspicious and unjust. They made him very sad and very tired. His final course made some of them very sorry. He forgave them long before they could forgive themselves. I do not know that all of them have forgiven themselves yet. Some of them, some of their descendants, have not even forgiven him yet. There are those who never forgive the men whom they have unjustly injured. The unjustly injured insensibly mortify wrong accusers, and the mortification is not always forgotten.

"There was a unique effect of the emancipation ordered by Lincoln. It commanded the gratitude of those against whom it was enforced. The South now honors the emancipator as really as the North. He freed the whites when he freed the blacks. He delivered the masters when he manumitted the slaves. The West Indian slave owners did not forgive Wil-

berforce whom the Gladstones, father and sons, opposed, and who were bought out, when the settlements were made. There are former owners of serfs who have never forgiven Alexander. There never has been an emancipation that was conditional or compensated that was universally popular. Only in the United States was emancipation eventually welcomed by masters as well as by slaves.

"The unique result was due to conditions peculiar to our nation. The South was prostrated. The North was unexhausted. While the Civil War was going on, the North still drew from Europe vast numbers of foreigners. Many of them as workingmen took up the toil the soldiers had abandoned, to enlist. Others of them directly enlisted themselves. The South was limited for soldiers to its own whites. It had no immigration. It could not enlist negroes. The North enlisted many native whites, some blacks and not a few foreigners, too. Its resources in men were inexhaustible. The resources of the South in men were limited. Every battle, whether a victory or a defeat, drained the human resources of the South, and did not appreciably diminish those of the North. And the South could not draw on even the blacks for their armies, the while the North could indirectly recruit its industrial or its military forces from the whole civilized world.

"Abraham Lincoln grew to realize this. He realized more than this. He discerned that not a country of Europe could interfere on behalf of the South, with the purpose, or with the result, of strengthening a slave-holding confederacy, without offending the moral sentiment of the world and antagonizing the free citizens of every nation. Mr. Lincoln knew the military inexhaustibility of the North, with the world to draw on for workers or for soldiers, and he knew that the existence of human slavery in the South made the masses of Europe unsympathetic with the cause of the Confederacy here. The political policy of Mr. Lincoln's administration was such as to keep his party reasonably united and to preserve for it at least a plurality of the votes. The military policy of Mr. Lincoln's administration was to keep the armies large and capable of indefinite increase. The financial policy of Mr. Lincoln's administration was to make available in what would be accepted as money, and recognized as an obligation to be paid in money, the pledged faith and the funded resources of the people. The foreign policy of Mr. Lincoln's administra-

tion was directed to making interference against the North unjustifiable and interference for the South hazardous to the internal tranquillity of every European state.

"It is easier to condense and define these four great policies now than it was at the time. It was difficult to state them, or realize them in separate but simultaneous detail, when they were undertaken. It is impossible at this distance in time from their accomplishment not to realize that they were most successfully accomplished and were magnificently accomplished.

"Nor should it be forgotten that all this was accomplished by civilly and politically the most inexperienced American that was ever raised to the Presidency. Lincoln's capacity was, of course, great, but the knowledge or even the suspicion of his great capacity was not entertained by his countrymen when he was nominated. A very few of his home intimates knew his great abilities. A large number were aware of his rare powers of familiar statement, and had hopes of his adequacy to the duties for which he was proposed. But neither millions nor even tens of thousands, outside the Central West, appreciated him as much more than a politician who had won a nomination over statesmen whose services and abilities were rated far above his own. He owed his nomination to the skill of the managers who obtained it. They obtained it by the inability of other aspirants in the convention to unite on any other man and by the gravitation of events and rivalries in the convention around Lincoln as a compromise choice.

"I am aware that the biographies of Lincoln since he passed away have made his greatness a household word among his countrymen. I am aware, and glad, that most of the mysteries and misapprehensions and nearly all of the myths that at first gathered about him have been dissolved. I rejoice that knowledge of him is now so prevalent and so accurate that ignorance of him, like ignorance of the penal law, which is morally bottomed on the Ten Commandments, excuseth no man. But on this occasion I am recalling a time when none of this was so. James K. Polk had been a governor, a speaker of the House, and a statesman of the second rank, when nominated over Van Buren and elected over Clay. Franklin Pierce had been in the War with Mexico, as distinguished a soldier as Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison and McKinley in the war between the states. He had also been United States senator. Zachary Taylor had been the star hero of a war when he was elected. The distinction of the least of these Presidents when nominated exceeded in public estimate that of Abraham Lincoln, when he was nominated. The distinction of the greatest of these Presidents does not equal, and the eulogists of the greatest of them would concede the fact, that of Abraham Lincoln when he was snatched from us. He has had no par or peer in his party or in any other party in the time between his birth and his centennial, which befalls to-night. I say this still remembering that he was born in the term of Jefferson, was a voter in the first term of Jackson, and that he has been succeeded by Grant and Cleveland, Roosevelt and Taft.

"One should not be too curious or too dogmatic or too speculative in discussing whether Lincoln's greatness was more due to events than the greatness of the events with which he is associated is due to him. The comparison could be instituted, but it could never be settled. It is more attractive to academic debaters than capable of being solved by anybody. In a way, the comparative treatment of this question can be approached, but only approached. The policy of Mr. Lincoln's administration was determined, not by the North which elected him, but by the South, which by

division prevented the election of any of his opponents, and which sought to retire from the Union when he was elected. A large body of Mr. Lincoln's supporters, represented by leaders of his party, were favorable to avoiding civil war by compromise. They did not take Mr. Lincoln into their councils of compromise. It can be surmised, but it can never be determined, what view he would have taken, had his participation in proposed compromises been solicited and, if solicited, secured. He was not invited to any compromise conferences. It was well he kept or was kept out of them.

"That he knew of them cannot be doubted. The reports of them were broadcast. They were common property. They were universal knowledge. They were debated in every household and in every home. Mr. Lincoln's complete separation from them was historically fortunate for his freedom of action when he took office.

"There were others, also, not represented in those conferences, the dominant leaders of many Southern States and of much Southern sentiment. There were still others: the radical leaders of the party that had nominated Mr. Lincoln. The Southern extremists and the Northern extremists thus both kept away from the peace conferences. Seven of the eleven Southern States had formally seceded before the conferences formulated any plan to speak of. The men who conferred were thus prescribing for a case they had not been asked to consider. At this distance the comedy of it is apparent. At the time, the moral tragedy of it was evident. The circumstances that kept Mr. Lincoln out of the conferences were benign for his country and for himself. The Confederacy had set up the form of a government before Mr. Lincoln had assumed the executive office in Washington. The only compromise he first offered made the return of the seceding states to the Union its sole condition. The only other compromise he afterward offered added the freedom of the slave to that condition of return to the Union. Those two conditions were acceded to, long after his death. The further conditions enforced were not of his making. He might or might not have agreed with them, had he been spared. Debate can be as endless as fruitless on that head. It can be omitted here.

"The ever since vexed question of negro suffrage never came before Abraham Lincoln in full form. He thought that suffrage within states belonged to states, and that the Southern States were in the Union, because they had failed to get out of it. He suggested, in a letter as to Louisiana, in which reconstruction or re-occupation had first been effected, that the experiment might be made of intrusting with suffrage negroes of good character and fair knowledge, as well as those who had honorably served in the army or navy of the Union. The suggestion was lost in the subsequent action of Congress toward such suffrage. The further treatment of the subject within the states acutely affected by it does not concern a discussion of Abraham Lincoln, who passed to his account before the subject became acute and dividing. In Illinois, long before the war, Mr. Lincoln was charged by Stephen A. Douglas with favoring the admission of the negroes in that state and in the territory of Kansas to the ballot, on the same conditions as those accorded to or required of whites. Mr. Lincoln squarely denied the charge, and Mr. Douglas retracted it. The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution was not proposed during Mr. Lincoln's presidency, and was not declared to be adopted until several years after his death.

"Perhaps what has been said has dealt sufficiently with Mr. Lincoln's relation to contested public questions. That subject could be infinitely extended. The undisputed public benefits which Mr. Lincoln secured, for all the people, for

all the future, were not few. Among them was the legislation which resulted in the transcontinental railways. The incalculable stimulation that gave to settlement and civilization is manifest. Among them also was the Homestead law, which brought farms within the reach of every settler. Among them likewise was the legislation which gave to states the proceeds of public lands sales for the establishment of agricultural schools and colleges. The railroads riveted the Union with bonds of iron from East to West. They marked the course of empire. They brought the two oceans within a journey of days, where months were before required. The value of the Homestead law and that of the act for agricultural grants to education needs no statement and is incapable of exaggeration. Investigation would reveal other results for peace and progress which Abraham Lincoln's administration secured, in the midst of civil war, but these must suffice for mere suggestion. The fact that Mr. Lincoln forwarded these results not only demonstrates the fertility of his mind and his appreciation of the needs and destiny of his country, but also his solid faith in the permanency of the Union. The commercial value of the transcontinental railway system is incomputable. The strategic value of it for defensive purposes is immeasurable. The initiation of all the laws named is an impressive proof of the importance Lincoln felt of making government, commerce, migration, settlement and education mean more and confer greater benefits and more easily overcome obstacles than the case was when, single handed, he wrought his way from the bottom of privation to the summits of opportunity and honor in the world. Of course, illustrious coadjutors co-operated with him in the works of war, liberty and peace, but as the credit of sustaining them belongs to him, so does the credit of collaborating with him belong to them. With him these things were done. That under him in the greatest civil war that ever was these peace things were done, as and when they were done, and in such a way, in such a time, as to be useful forever, writes his name among the wisest of the wise, among the most foreseeing of the prophets of statesmanship and of destiny.

"The fifty-six years of Lincoln's life cast on the centennial of his birth not a few admonitions and inspirations for his countrymen. Lincoln has rightly been canonized. He exists in Homeric calm and godlike completeness. He is without comparison, because without competition. The effect of the United States on Abraham Lincoln has been less regarded, so stupendous is his personality, than the effect of Abraham Lincoln on the United States. The United States made Abraham Lincoln, who afterward morally remade them. His extraction was obscure. His circumstances were those of extreme destitution. There was a Providence, however, in the humble birth and hopeless environment of Abraham Lincoln. It made him tender toward the poor. It made him considerate of the humble. It brought him into confidential terms with nature and with human nature. The United States accomplished their work in the education of Lincoln for the trusts for which he was reserved. The Mexican war was an ethical arousal to him. The Indian troubles of the earlier Hawkeye war were a revelation of his courage and of his capacity for leadership. The anti-slavery agitation from 1854 onward aroused him from a sluggish whigism into an affirmative for freedom. All readers know all the rest, from 1856 to 1865—the rapidity of his rise, the adequacy of his powers, the versatility of his genius, his ability to gild defeat with anecdote, despair with philosophy, victory with clemency, power with magnanimity, manhood with truth, patriotism with martyrdom, and the grave with glory of self-

sacrifice. Much of these possibilities was in the man. Much of them was in the United States. If from the bending and parting skies he could speak to us today, his words would not be words of partisanship, but words of nationality. His solicitude would not be for sordid, but for moral standards in our society and in our government. His counsels would not be for contention, but for brotherhood. For the politics of manhood he would have sympathy, admiration and encouragement. All the reforms upon which good men are agreed are as thoroughly Lincolnisms as Union, emancipation and manhood suffrage are. The growing demand for the primacy of the home as against the sovereignty of the saloon is a Lincolnism in all its moral features which must be written into our state and national life. The increasing desire for a ballot free from intimidation before it is cast and free from identification after it is deposited is a Lincolnism

on which the best men in both parties are united, for they realize that a vitiated suffrage is a greater peril to free institutions in this land than any angry form which civil war has ever here assumed.

"As the United States were all right, because Washington was their founder and their father, so the United States are all right because Lincoln was their purifier and their savior. It is trite to couple the two, but it is as true as it is trite. The Virginian and the Kentuckian, the one the flowering perfection of a social aristocracy, the other the obscure product of poverty, ignorance and contempt, not only both filled the highest office in the gift of the people and attained the highest measure of ambition and of power, but both filled that office so well that their records in it became the superlative expression of moral achievement toward which others might struggle, but up to which none of them, in

public estimate, has ever reached. They are the entirely heroic quantities in our national life. Perhaps we idealize them both, but a nation without ideals is a nation tumbling down the steppes of death, just as a man without ideals, but with consuming ambitions, is not only a danger to a party and a peril to his country, but a false light on the shores of history to its ingenuous youth. On this day, so full and suggestive of history, on this Lincoln centennial, looking backward on the past with gratitude and forward on the future with faith, we should rebaptize ourselves in his spirit and, as he did at Gettysburg, newly dedicate ourselves as citizens of the United States to the vow to which he was so true and to the duty for which he gave his life, that government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not, with its entail of blessings and of obligations, by any default of ourselves or of our posterity, perish from the earth."

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

(Delivered November 19, 1863.)

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might

live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power, to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought

here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln in the White House and in War

An Estimate of the Man Who Saw Buchanan and the Old Order of Things Step Out and Took Up
the Reins of a New Administration.

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD.



AFTER James Buchanan there came to the White House—the full measure of a man. After thirty years of delay there came to an unstrung nation—action—the sound of cannonading in Southern harbors. There followed upon a list of Fillmores, Taylors, Buchanans—most of them now happily forgotten—a real President of the United States. Thirty years of compromise and of parley accomplished the impossible and brought to this nation an executive. To the army and to the navy, weakened and demoralized, was brought a great general and a great admiral; to a distressed and divided people a leader. After James Buchanan there came to the President's house of the United States—Abraham Lincoln.

We measure history with something that the historians tell us is "perspective." In other words we get far enough away from a man or an event to see him or it in all true relations before we may seek to write impartial history. We cannot fairly measure the War of the Rebellion or any of the actors who participated in that monumental tragedy, if within us there flows too quickly the warm, impulsive blood of the generous hot-tempered South any more than if we feel the outrages that the North suffered during those four years too strongly impressed upon our minds.

Still forty years may be accounted a long enough time to give a measurable sense of perspective. It is a short enough time, too, to bring us in an intimate relation with the first martyr President. We of the younger generations that have been born since the conflict between the North and South may still gain a personal knowledge of that conflict from those who fought within the opposing armies. We cannot know the men whose eyes beheld Washington or Napoleon or who battled under the guidance of those great leaders. We can know the men who knew Abraham Lincoln, not as one of the monuments of our national history, but as a real man, a man of flesh and blood and life—a man, intensely human, who radiated his surpassing humanity everywhere about him.

Within a week I have talked with a man who was in Washington when Lincoln arrived there to take up the reins of government. That was the 22d of February, 1861, and Mr. Lincoln had stopped at Philadelphia to participate in a Washington celebration at the old Independence Hall. His coming to the Federal capital was awaited with expectancy and no small degree of anxiety by the residents of that city. The great conflict was so far advanced as to fill the very air of the capital with plots and rumors of plots. Not a few of these concerned the very person of the newly elected President. There was a feeling of deliberate apprehension that he might never arrive safely at the White House.

In those days the necessities for hedging about and protecting high officers of the government had not arisen, and there was no Secret Service protection for the person of the President. Special provisions were made. There were hints of distinct unfriendliness at Baltimore, a city decidedly Southern and Democratic in its sympathies; other hints that conspirators would not hesitate at burning the railroad bridges along the route. The railroad companies had their own interests in the preservation of their property. Mr. Lincoln's friends were much alarmed at these constant rumors. Between them a young man, one Allan Pinkerton, who has since become intimately connected with the life of Brooklyn, was secured to guard Mr. Lincoln on his approach to the capital. Mr. Pinkerton was asserted to have a distinct talent as a detective and this must have been true, for by strategy and real generalship he brought Mr. Lincoln to the old Baltimore and Ohio station in Washington in absolute safety.

This same man was among those who stood in front of the Capitol on that eventful 4th of March that saw Buchanan and the old order of things step out and Lincoln and the new order step in. That was the most momentous inauguration in the history of the nation. Surely history was in the making that day under the unfinished dome of the great building wherein was centered the visible hub of the distressed nation.

"I have attended some great murder trials as counsel," my informant told me, "and some of the most tense moments of my life have been when we were awaiting the jury and the verdict that was to mean so much to one man at least. None of those moments have brought the dramatic closer to me than that scene at the first inauguration of Lincoln. Somehow I had the feeling of life and of death brought closer to me than it had ever before been brought.

I could glance off toward the Southland and almost fancy that I could catch the dim sound of the rebel songs, faint glimpses of the Stars and Bars. I could almost fancy their guns leveling the great structure of the Capitol and leaving it in ruins as the British had done once before. That was the sickish feeling of death that first came to me.

"Then I would catch sight of Lincoln up on the platform above us and I felt close to life once again and reasonably secure once more. I don't remember what he said so much; it was the way he said it. We had an old illustrated Bible out home and there was a picture in it of Moses that had made a great impression on my boyish mind. It showed Moses straight and strong and tall, standing on a high place and preparing to lead the Children of Israel out of danger.

"Lincoln, standing up there straight and strong and tall made me think of that old picture; made me think him a second Moses. And I think that he was that. If he did not lead his people out of danger just as surely as old Moses did, then all the historians who have written of him have lied most grievously.

"There was a lot of chatter about me. 'It starts with a sky rocket flourish,' one man said who stood near me. 'Watch it sink to the earth in a few months.' There were plenty of such sentiments among the crowd. Rumors of deserting officers of the army and of the navy, traitors in Washington, traitors who stood within arm-touch of Lincoln as he took his oath of office went everywhere among the thirty thousand of us who watched him. Every one of us was suspicious of his neighbor. It was a ticklish time. Sometimes the sickish feelings of the rebel guns mounted over on the Virginia hills and trained down upon the capital would come back to me, and all I would have to do to gain my courage once again was to look at the tall, homely man who had come out from Illinois to save the Union, and then I would think of Moses and his people, and how God had never deserted them."

With the new President in office the rumors of treachery and traitors did not cease. They gained volume, and the very men who sat in the halls of congress were many times held under suspicion. They gained further rumor and did not halt at the threshold of the White House.

"It is said," went the whispers about Washington, "that Mrs. Lincoln is in communication with her Southern relatives. It is said that she is giving them secret information."

Poor Mrs. Lincoln! It was her role in life to be misunderstood. Her nature, filled with indiscretions and eccentricities, was little suited to be that of the

first lady of the land. Lincoln must have known that himself, but there are some things from which even prying historians turn. To his wife he was ever loyal and affectionate, and when these last rumors came to him he came to her defense. No one can ever know what agony the mere hint of them must have caused him!

The rumors about Mrs. Lincoln, despite the motives that must have prompted them, grew more frequent all the while, until the President's friends felt that they must be stopped officially. Officially they were brought one morning to the attention of the Conduct of the War Committee

uation crystallized further. For a few short days the Federal capital was in imminent danger. Then the regiments from Massachusetts—catching their first blood as they crossed through the streets of hostile Baltimore—and from New York came hurrying through by trains, and the intensity of that first tense situation was relieved.

A very few days later and Washington saw Lincoln in a new light. One of the New York regiments—picked from the old New York Fire Department—marched through Washington and on to the little city of Alexandria in Virginia, near by. This regiment was commanded by Col-

a majority of the popular vote at his election.

On the other hand the South had been preparing for this blow for years; it had drawn for its military defenders the cream of the young officers that the United States had educated to skill. It was a land of fighters, good fighters, hard fighters. It stood united in its cause, it brought to that cause the enthusiasm of an enthusiastic people.

That was the situation that Lincoln faced; expressed in a single word it was "war," in two words, that rock upon which great nations have foundered time and time again, "civil war."



LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET AND GENERALS.

of the Senate, sitting in secret session at the Capitol. It was just coming to business when the doorkeeper came to it, an expression, half of fright, half of embarrassment upon his face. On his heels came the tall figure of the President, his hat in hand, recognizing no one. He took a position at the foot of the committee table and addressed the embarrassed Senators:

"I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States," he said, "appear of my own volition before this committee of the Senate to say that I, out of my own knowledge, know that it is untrue that any of my family hold treasonable communication with the enemy."

Then, without a word of recognition for anyone, he turned on his heel and left the committee-room. The Committee immediately adjourned. The matter of Mrs. Lincoln's loyalty was not discussed in Washington after that.

There were other matters more vital for discussion. The workmen finishing the great iron dome of the Capitol could look across the Potomac on clear days and see the blood-red flags of the newborn Confederacy waving back there on the Virginia hills. The news of Sumter came flashing to Washington and the sit-

uation crystallized further. For a few short days the Federal capital was in imminent danger. Then the regiments from Massachusetts—catching their first blood as they crossed through the streets of hostile Baltimore—and from New York came hurrying through by trains, and the intensity of that first tense situation was relieved.

A very few days later and Washington saw Lincoln in a new light. One of the New York regiments—picked from the old New York Fire Department—marched through Washington and on to the little city of Alexandria in Virginia, near by. This regiment was commanded by Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth, a young man of great promise and of surpassing popularity. Colonel Ellsworth espied a Confederate flag floating above a hotel and, ascending to the roof to remove the obnoxious emblem, was shot and instantly killed by the proprietor. This might be called the first personal tragedy of the war and its effect upon the President was remarkable. His grief was that of a father who had lost his only son. Under his direction Colonel Ellsworth's body was brought to the White House, and the funeral held from that East Room, which has played so memorable a part in the history of the nation. Washington saw the human Lincoln at that time.

It was a big situation for a green lawyer from a backwoods country, and he faced it as an Alexander, a Caesar or a Napoleon might have faced a great situation. He picked his Cabinet of advisers with great care. Lincoln was a big enough man to forget personal feelings with the nation at the point of disruption. So he placed the very men who had contended with him for the presidential nomination in his Cabinet and when some of his advisers threw up their hands in horror Lincoln only said, "This is no time for prejudices."

Certainly it was no time for prejudices. There had come to the White House a man who seemed to be as far removed from prejudices as ever mortal man might be. When there arose a fearful hubbub about the Mason and Slidell affair and the members of Lincoln's own Cabinet were urging it on by commending the American commander for taking the Confederate agents from the British warships, it was the man without prejudices who was big enough and broad enough and brave enough to take the unpopular stand and release the Confederate agents.

"We fought England once for doing the very thing that we have done now," said Mr. Lincoln.

There was the sense of justice that dwelt pre-eminent within the man. It was the same sense of justice that often brought a reversal of sentence to the soldier court-martialed hastily and carelessly, the same sense of justice that brought the great war President close to the hearts and to the sympathies of the sweethearts, the mothers and wives of the many, many thousands of men who went down to the Southland to fight—and to die.

It must have been that same sense of justice, too, that led Lincoln to hesitate before he performed the great act of his administration and emancipated the slaves. It could hardly be less than jus-

fighting trim within a week, a month or a six months.

"But '62 was the grind. How that grind must have told at the White House. It did not seem to be possible to make McClellan do anything except write letters. Once when it seemed that he had an advantage down on the peninsula and might easily strike in at Richmond, he wrote more letters, and the sense of justice in the President must have been well strained.

"We used to see him often. His figure, wrapped in a shawl, became the most familiar in Washington—it was easily the most familiar in the colony of hospitals that sprang up in the capital. The mag-

with whom I talked last week went up to Gettysburg to the dedication in November, '63. It was a really great event. Edward Everett was going to speak, and everyone knew that it would be a great oration, for Edward Everett had a wonderful reputation as a public speaker. Then, too, Mr. Lincoln would probably have something to say for himself at the same time.

"If I had known what that dedication was going to mean to me, I would have begged passage money and crossed the ocean to go to it," the man told me. "It was more than a dedication; it was history. I felt all the time when I stood there on that hill at Gettysburg



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ENTERING RICHMOND, APRIL 3, 1865.

tice that weighed upon him when he hesitated carefully before making the step and then, his mind firmly set, plunged boldly in.

The world knows the result of that step. The stigma that had rested upon the United States in the sight of all other Christian nations was removed, the very fiber that knit the republic together strengthened.

My informant told me of the disappointments and the discouragements that came to Lincoln during the first half of the war.

"Sixty-two was the black time," he told me. "It was never quite as bad in '61. In that year the country was buoyant in its hopes that the rebellion was to be a short-lived thing. It responded with a loyalty and an affection to calls for money and for men in a way that must have made Mr. Lincoln's big heart beat fast. The defeats of that year, the failures to accomplish much of anything, were easily forgiven. One would hardly expect a great nation, absolutely unskilled in the use of arms, to get into

azine writers have found a mine of incidents therein for fiction. I do not doubt that every one of them was founded on absolute fact. Some of them used to go floating around about Washington and, knowing the President, one could throw no shadow of doubt upon any one of them."

* * *

After '62 came '63, and '63 had Vicksburg and Gettysburg. Think of what a Fourth of July that must have been with the telegraph wires a humming to every Northern city, village, town, hamlet and spinning the glorious records of victory! Think of a saddened and depressed land awakening on a single birthday morn to know that its armies had triumphed and that its cause was finally in the ascendent! It is not given to a nation to have such a birthday within a hundred generations.

"Sixty-three had something else; it had the dedication of the National Cemetery, the first of those greenwards where on the flowering carpets were row upon row of tiny headstones, marking the resting place of the nameless dead. The man

where the boys from the South had been digging at the boys from the North that the boys from the North had been saying back again, 'Thus far you have gone, and no farther,' that I was helping make a little part of history myself. When it was all over I felt as if I had been through one of the great experiences of a man's life, like as when the first death comes to him of one both near and dear.

"Awhile ago I told you that Lincoln, standing there on the Capitol steps and taking the oath to defend the Constitution of the United States, made me think of Moses; you will not think me anything else than perfectly serious when I tell you that that speech of Mr. Lincoln's at the Gettysburg cemetery made me think of the Sermon on the Mount. Know it? I know every line of it. When did I learn it? I didn't know. I don't know when I learned the Lord's Prayer, but it just seems a part of me, like A-B-C. That's the way I remember Mr. Lincoln's speech there at Gettysburg.

"When it was all over there was no

big applause at the first instance like as followed Mr. Everett's fine speech. There was just a big throbbing silence, like as if Mr. Lincoln had had 40,000 long arms and every hand was a-grappling at every human heart that stood before him. You could almost count the flight of time itself before the crowd seemed to breathe again. I don't know but what it seemed as if time had hesitated and had hung in the balance for several moments. Then they began to cheer—some of them. I didn't cheer. It seemed too much like cheering the Doxology.

"Mr. Lincoln turned to Mr. Everett: 'I congratulate you on your success,' said he. To that Mr. Everett instantly replied: 'Ah, Mr. President, how gladly would I exchange all my hundred pages to have been the author of your twenty lines.'"

Neither Gettysburg nor Vicksburg meant the end of the war. There was another hard year of fighting—'64—that followed; but '64 was a different year from '62. It was a year of progress, and the stubby-bearded general who smoked a cigar all the time and whose camp kit on forced marches consisted of a toothbrush, made few mistakes. He hit hard. Washington knew when Grant was hitting hard. It knew because of the tide of maimed humanity that came rolling up to the doors of its crowded hospitals. Lincoln knew. Those who were close to him knew something of the suffering the great rolls of the dead and the injured brought to him. They could never know it all. But they might see him of a summer's night stand on the knoll in front of his cottage at the Soldiers Home and point to the capital beneath and describe it as a great torture land for brave souls. Then they might begin to understand.

There was another phase to those long weeks and months when war was no succession of brilliant victories—nothing but a steady grind, with that fearful toll of human lives piling higher and higher. That phase showed Lincoln, the humanist. That phase guaranteed to every mother who had a son fighting at the front, justice—not merely the justice of statute-book, but great and Godlike jus-

tice—to that son. They used to come to the President with hundreds of appeals for his clemency. He was never too tired to weigh each with a care that might have been given to a single momentous cause rising before a man in a lifetime.

"That boy is only 18," he noted upon one set of papers brought to him of a deserter, sentenced to death. "A boy of 18 is too young to be shot." It is needless to say that the boy was not shot. Miss Tarbell tells of another boy, a young Vermonter, sentenced to execution for the same offense. The President had intervened, had telegraphed to the army over in Virginia that he had given a pardon in the case. The possibility that the message might not be delivered weighed upon his mind. He telegraphed again. Suppose that the telegraph wires should be out of order? The President could gain no peace for his soul. He called for his carriage and drove ten miles through storm and cold to make sure that the sentence of death was stayed.

That was the Lincoln idea of justice. Frequently it had the War Department up in bitter protest. How could discipline be maintained? it would inquire of the President. Then Mr. Lincoln would remind Mr. Stanton, its secretary, that the army was made up of men who had volunteered to save the Union, that these men coming from store and shop and office could not be expected to be trained and disciplined soldiers in any short space of time. The very fact that they had left their everything behind to fight for their country must ever be a great mitigating clause. That was the Lincoln foundation of a common law. It deserves to rank with the precepts of a Socrates or a Justinian.

When peace was close at hand, Mr. Lincoln began to look forward to a new season in the White House—a season when each day, each hour almost, would not bring to him a fresh roll of those who would never come North again—a season when all the faculties of his mind would be set toward the knitting of the wounds of a distressed nation. That was

more to his liking. He preferred to be known as an agent of construction, not of destruction. The healing of the nation's wound was a thing he confided to those who came close to him at the White House, that would appeal to him more than any opportunity that had ever before presented itself to him. As Lincoln the pacifier he would have the greater use for his talent and his ingenuities.

* * *

Every schoolboy knows to-day how that thing was not to be. It was given to the great President to see the attack against the integrity of the Union hopelessly broken. Then, before he might even greet his boys who had fought so loyally throughout the four long years—the curtain was dropped in front of his eyes. His task was ordained finished.

* * *

Not yet have we the full perspective of this rail-splitter of Illinois, who came from the back country to guide a nation safely through the greatest conflict that ever threatened to rend a state asunder. We may pour torrents of words upon the printed page, our orators may thunder out their praises, but time and time alone will render the verdict. We are still too close. We talk with those who knew the living, breathing Lincoln, the Lincoln who was loved of his neighbors out in Springfield, who argued well as a lawyer, who astonished the West when he met the mighty Stephen A. Douglas in debate, the immensely human man who sat in the White House for four years. A century hence the personality of the man will be lessened—he will be judged more keenly by the measure of his great genius, his surpassing good sense, his loyalty, his uprightness. A century hence the world will give an even finer glory to one of its greatest sons—Abraham Lincoln.

In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free
—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve.—
Abraham Lincoln (Message to Congress, Dec. 1, 1862).

As Lincoln Lives To-Day in the Hearts of Americans

By FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON.



Of all the memorials proposed in honor of Abraham Lincoln, it seems to me that the most appropriate one would be a national highway running from Washington to Gettysburg. In such a project an opportunity would be afforded for everyone in the land—from the wealthiest multi-millionaire to the poorest day laborer—to contribute either in money or labor. Such a road, it has been suggested, should be a boulevard—the finest in America. It should be maintained by the nation and would be, therefore, a perpetual testimonial in honor of the man whose name it should bear. The Lincoln road should stretch from the capital to that famous battlefield. It should be, not only a national tribute to Lincoln, but an individual tribute. It should represent the love and respect of every man, woman and child in the United States. It should represent the penny contributions from the children, a day's work by the laborers, and generous donations from the well-to-do. Thus would it represent that true touch of human life that has made Lincoln's life dear to all Americans.

One of the most enduring incidents in the last days of Robert Louis Stevenson was the building of a road by the crude natives of Samoa in his honor. They built it in that rough country as an evidence of their love for the man who had come among them and who had shown such kindness and tenderness to them as to touch their simple hearts, and, that it might more truly represent the love of all the people all labored upon it. Every stone that was upturned, every rut that was smoothed out represented the labor of some honest hand. And when this road was done, in which everyone had had an individual share, they called it the Road of the Loving Heart.

Would not this Lincoln road be such a one?

No one can read the secret of the

boy or man that makes him beloved by others. Kim was the little friend of all the world, albeit his world was the half wild tribes of India, the men of the roving caravans, the horse traders, the mule drivers, the tenders of camels, the Hindoo fakirs and the British soldiers. A kindly word, a look, a bit of sympathy which makes all the world akin, cements a friendship that never dies.

Such a friendship with the world was Lincoln's. His love for the people was the strong bond that made him dear to the people. He had that touch of human nature in him, that sympathy for all mankind that took possession of all who met him. As the poor hired boy working for 25 cents a day, not permitted to even retain his scanty wages, he made friends with those for whom he labored, with the other laborers, with the dumb brutes for which he cared. He was a cheerful laborer, in turn a carpenter, a hostler, a woodchopper, a plowman. Frequently he helped the women with the chores. He made the fire, carried water to the kitchen or tended the baby. None worked harder with the ax, or plow, or hoe than he, and when the day's work was done none entered with more zest into the fun of the evening. Lincoln loved people. He liked to mingle with them; hear their views and give his views in return. Nothing he liked better than going to mill, which in those days meant a long wait—sometimes a whole day—until one's grain was ground. On these occasions Lincoln talked with the others in waiting, and there was developed that love for story-telling which in after years made him famous, and, perhaps, had much to do with winning his way into the hearts of the people.

When a very small boy he always preferred those recreations which brought him into intimate touch with men and women. The spelling school, the husking bee, the "raising" were his especial favorites, as they gave an opportunity to him to exercise that wit which had developed in him even as a child. Despite all his roughness, Lin-

coln had a crude sense of politeness which was cultivated to some extent in Indiana in those early days. But back of it all, perhaps, was his own idea of politeness—the politeness of kindness to others—which is the greatest of them all. This politeness of the backwoods ever remained with Lincoln as a boy and as a man. He carried it with him into the White House. In spite of his natural crudeness, in spite of his untrained manners and his mannerisms, his ever present consideration of other people made him always the true gentleman. Because of his fine regard for the feelings of the members of his Cabinet—few of whom were in sympathy with him—the impression prevailed that he was easily led, but when the time came for a decisive stand Lincoln showed that he was the master.

During those first days in Indiana Lincoln earned a reputation not only as a story teller, but as an orator. He had committed to memory many poems and speeches which had come into his hands at odd times, and imitated to perfection the traveling preachers who happened into Gentryville. In this way, although he had seen nothing of the world, he was able to deliver such stirring political speeches that he held his small audience in the store bound as if under a spell. It was, undoubtedly, a species of vanity that urged the young boy on in this direction, but it was a commendable vanity which brought its good results, for it took him nearer to human nature and helped him to analyze human life more completely than any lesson which he could have come from the text-books.

Later on, when he neared man's estate, and his work called him on to the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, he met other people for the first time outside of the little country cross-road village. Here were the great routes of the western world, where odd crafts of all kind went up and down. Here Lincoln saw the first real life he had ever seen. He met men. He studied men. From each man he met he learned some lesson—a lesson he never forgot, which

helped to make up the sum and substance of that knowledge of humanity which was one of the great secrets of his memories living to-day; of the man himself living in the hearts of the people to-day as if he were a man of flesh and blood and passed daily among them. On those rivers a new world opened to him. On the shores he saw the humble cabins and the children playing about the doors. There he met the men on the timber rafts from the Alleghanies and the crews of the big boats that came up from New Orleans. No one seemed to be in a hurry. All had time to wait and exchange the news of the day. One might even gossip with the passengers on board the steamboats, for they had no schedules and a few hours in the time of landing made no difference one way or the other. The easy-going trips of the steamboats had only a few things that might occur to break the monotony.

A greater opportunity came to him when he was sent with a boatload of produce down the river to New Orleans. There, in the most cosmopolitan city in the United States at that time, he mingled with travelers from all parts of the world, and within him were awakened new ideas of life, new ambitions of which he never dreamed in Indiana. And, while all these ideas and these ambitions and these new lessons were impressing themselves upon him, the tender solicitude of two good women, successively, was sweetening and broadening his necessarily narrow life. These women were his mother and his stepmother. Both were uneducated women, as women are known to-day, but both were imbued with that spirit of gentleness, Christianity and practical knowledge that so entered into the heart of the boy entrusted to their care that they created in him those attributes of manhood which were the foundation of his usefulness and greatness in after life.

Not many years ago if one had gone back into the old Indiana home of Abraham Lincoln and talked with those who knew him, he would have secured an unfailing fund of information as to the young man's kindnesses and little attentions. There were few men or women of those days in that settlement, who could not tell of some little act of gentleness or some cheering word that made life the easier for them. A worthless drunkard of the village called him friend, for one night Lincoln found the man by the roadside freezing and carried him to shelter. Wherever Lincoln lived there was not a child for miles around who did not love him. And this love of all the world and this desire to help all the world never deserted him in his more prosperous days. After he had obtained a standing in Springfield, Illinois, he was one day hurrying

through the street when he saw a little girl at a gate crying.

"What is the trouble?" asked Lincoln.

"I am going away on the cars," said the little girl; "the expressman has not come for my trunk, and I shall miss the train."

"How big a trunk is it?" asked Lincoln, and led by the child he went upstairs. He took the trunk, a small affair, upon his shoulders and saying: "Come on," trotted down the street at a rapid pace and saw the little girl safely on board the train.

Lincoln was one of the busiest men in any age, yet he always had time to do a favor for another. He was a part of the street life of Springfield. He knew everybody in the town, and everybody in the town knew him. Also, he knew everything that was going on in the town. He knew the history of every old building and he made himself acquainted with the history of every new building. He took an active part in politics, and his quick wit and ready speech made him always a welcome companion in social and political circles. His democratic ideas made him popular with all kinds and conditions of men and women. Back in the old rail-splitting days they called him a good fellow, and as he grew in power and greatness he did not outgrow his love for all people, even the lowly in life. While in the White House a poor man once called on him to ask a favor. The man was greatly impressed with the idea that he was in the presence of the President of the United States, who seemed to him like some wonderful being, and, his business over, he was hurrying away, when Lincoln noticed that he was of unusual height. Lincoln himself was six feet four and proud of it. So he called out to the man:

"Hold on. How tall are you?"

The man hung back.

"Come here," said Lincoln. "Let's measure."

The man was the taller. Lincoln laughed, and the man hurried away, abashed at the idea that he was taller than the President of the United States.

Lincoln's faculty of getting close to all with whom he came in contact was due undoubtedly to the fact that he understood people. He believed to a considerable extent in carrying out the old adage, "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do." He was always in sympathy with men who excelled in physical strength. He himself was possessed of great strength and always liked to compare himself with strong and tall men. It is related of him that on one occasion, after he had delivered a speech at a state agricultural fair in Milwaukee, he was escorted into a side show, where a strong man—a short little chap—performed wonderful feats

of strength. Lincoln expressed his surprise in emphatic "by Georges!" and finally when introduced to the athlete, looked him over, and astonished at his shortness of stature, ejaculated: "Say, I could lick salt off the top of your hat!"

It was not altogether by his quaint speeches and his stories that Lincoln secured his hold on the people. Nor were his homely acts of courtesy the only acts that made friends for him. Sometimes his very boldness of strenuous action won applause for him, and sometimes the man who felt the effect of his strong right arm realized the justness of it, and was afterward his friend. Lincoln preferred argument to force, but if force had to be, he never avoided a fight. When he was clerking in a store in New Salem a bully entered the place and became profane in the presence of women. Lincoln told him to be quiet, but he persisted in continuing his profanity, and when the women had departed he abused Lincoln, until the latter, unable to endure the bully longer, invited him outside. Lincoln quickly threw his antagonist to the ground and rubbed smart weed into his eyes until he cried that he had had enough.

The personal bravery of Lincoln was never questioned. When a young man he saved the lives of three of his comrades. Two of them had sought refuge on a half-sunken log in the swiftly moving current of the Sangamon River after their boat had swamped, and a third, while trying to rescue them, was also obliged to seek safety on the log. It was then that Lincoln put out into midstream on a log held by a rope by men on shore and succeeded in bringing all to land.

His readiness to do a favor for another is shown by his disregard of a fee when practicing law if the client were unable to pay. Frequently when a client was poor Lincoln refused to accept compensation. There are instances of his having proffered his services without charge, as in the Armstrong murder case. This was at a time, too, when Lincoln, next to Stephen A. Douglas, was the most conspicuous man in Illinois. Lincoln's own idea of fees was expressed in the notes for a law lecture, which were found among his papers after his death:

"The matter of fees is important far beyond the mere question of bread and butter involved. Properly attended to, fuller justice is done to both lawyer and client. An exorbitant fee should never be claimed. As a general rule, never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case, as if something was still in prospect for you, as well as for your client. And

when you lack interest in the case the job will very likely lack skill and diligence in the performance. Settle the amount of fee and take a note in advance. Then you will feel that you are working for something, and you are sure to do your work faithfully and well. Never sell a fee note—at least, not before the consideration service is performed. It leads to negligence and dishonesty—negligence by losing interest in the case, and dishonesty in refusing to refund when you have allowed the consideration to fail.”

As a fighter for the right Lincoln won his way into the heart of every true American. From the first time that slavery was brought vividly to his attention—on a journey to New Orleans, when he saw slaves, men and women, sold in open market like cattle—he determined to fight against it. To a companion he said: “If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I am going to hit it hard.”

By his studies of books and his studies of men, Lincoln became the greatest of men. He began the study of men back in the old store days, and

his employer then said he knew more than anybody in the country and would one day be President of the United States. When he got to the Legislature in Illinois, he still studied men and he continued his studies of men in the White House. From the book of human nature he learned his lesson of life, and he found that the best way to open that book was by reaching the hearts of men by kindness, by a just consideration for the rights and the equality of all men. That, then, is the secret of Lincoln living to-day in the hearts of the people.

Governor Hughes at Rochester, N. Y., February 12, 1909

ADDRESS, IN PART, AT THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION IN CONVENTION HALL.

“The story of Lincoln’s rise will ever be the finest inspiration of American youth. The surroundings of his early life were not only obscure but depressing and disheartening. It was not simply that he was the child of poverty. That may be a blessing. The real deprivation was not in the rudeness of the home or in the lowliness of the estate, but in the lack of those incentives to endeavor and stimulate to ambition which are the heritage most of our American boys.

“Abraham Lincoln was an acute man. But we erect no monuments to shrewdness. We set aside no days for the commemoration of mere American smartness. Skill in manipulation, acuteness in dealing for selfish purposes, may win their temporary victories. But the people reserve their memorials for the ability that finds its highest display in unselfish devotion to the public good.

“Lincoln was an expert logician. He brought to bear upon his opponents the batteries of remorseless logic. But he thought honestly and scorned the tricks of sophistry. He had a profound confidence in the reasoning judgment of the American people. He disdained all efforts to capture the populace by other means or to employ talents in other than fair disputation. He treated opposing arguments with an extraordinary power of analysis. He eviscerated the subject of discussion and laid it bare. He presented, not abuse, not appeal to the emotions of the multitude, but cogent reasoning, and thus appeared before the American people representing their ideal of straightforward, honest representation of the truth, applicable to their crisis. Loyalty was commanded because reason exerted its sway. Whenever you are tempted to think in a discouraging manner of the

future of the American Republic, you should read the annals of those times when the Union itself was in the balance, and you should realize how inevitable is the final response of the American people to the demands of reason.

“Lincoln was a humble man, unpretentious and genuinely democratic. Honors did not change him and pride could not corrupt him. He was a stranger to affectation. He was a humane man, a man of emotion well controlled, a man of sentiment and deep feeling. No one who has lived among us has been so much a brother to every man, however lowly born or unfortunately circumstanced. He was a lowly man who never asserted himself as superior to his fellows. Yet he could rise in the dignity of his manhood to a majesty that has not been surpassed by any ruler of any people under any form of government.”

Lincoln's Boyhood

By KATHERINE GLOVER.

IN the heart of the untrod brown winter woods of southern Indiana, on Little Pigeon Creek, a lean-to camp of logs stands as the sole outpost of civilization. It is the merest shack of a place, no door, no windows, and for floor the hard-beat soil. Through the cracks in the logs the wind whistles merciless chants and the snow and the rain have their way with the rough board roof. The interior has no more pretensions than the exterior, its furnishings answering to the fewest primary needs; a bare, rudely hewn table; one or two three-legged stools and a bed made in the wall. The pioneer family huddling around the crackling fire on the hearth—the one sign of comfort to be seen—is of rough stock, with as few hints of ornament in their dress as the cabin in its equipment, but they seem to be taking life very calmly and easily. A stocky, strong, but lazy-looking man, with good nature beaming in his face, sits on one of the three-legged stools before the blaze, hugging his knees, while he spins a yarn to two small listeners; one, a girl of about 9, who sits at his feet, and another a funny, spindly boy, a little younger in years, perhaps, but stretching to a good wiry length as he lies on his stomach before the fire and lifts up to his father a strange, homely, eager, little face, with dark eyes that gleam and dream as he drinks in the story of adventures with the Indians back in the wilds of Kentucky.

The only one of the group on whom the shadow of hardship seems to rest is the woman, who is in the background cleaning the one or two cooking vessels that have been used for the evening meal. The flickering light of the logs shows her a slender, colorless woman; hollow-chested, with dark brown hair that has little contrast to offer to the yellowish brown tones of the skin. Her forehead is very prominent, and in her eyes there is a deep shadow of melancholy, as with the prevision of some tragedy to come. Those eyes constantly watch the group before the fire with a certain wistful, half scornful tenderness as they rest on the man so absorbed in his tale, lost to any thought of shame at these unpromising surroundings of his family, and with a warm flash of love as they wander to the two children, lingering longest on the face of the boy.

When Nancy Hanks married Tom Lincoln some ten years ago in the settlement in Kentucky people thought she married a little beneath her. "The Hankses are some smarter'n the Lincolns," was the general opinion of the settlement, but as to social standing there was no difference except that there was hint of a strain of good Virginia blood in the Hanks family. The Hankses were considered "the finest singers and shouters in the country," and at camp meeting they were among

the leaders. Tom Lincoln never was much of a leader in anything except in spinning a yarn, but lazy, good-natured Tom was pretty sure to be willing to help a neighbor in a difficulty if it didn't call for too much physical exertion, and he would share his last crust with him ungrudgingly. And he surely had a way with the girls, so that Nancy was a very beaming bride when she and Tom made their vows before the parson.

But things hadn't gone so well with them in Kentucky. Farming was hard work and Tom liked to fish and hunt and tell stories better than to wrestle with the grudging soil, and so after a while, hearing tales of the glories of Indiana, the Lincolns with their two children, Abe and "Sairy," set out for the Western wilderness, and took up their abode in the rough camp that Tom with the help of Abe threw together.

To the boy this first winter has been great sport. It mattered little to him that his bed up under the roof was padded with leaves and boughs and that the covering was scant and the cold came in sharply through the cracks. There has been the spur of newness, with the spirit of adventure and discovery always present. He has been much in the woods with his father, trapping rabbits and muskrats and shooting fowl for food to eat. The thirst for books, already aroused in him by his few weeks of schooling in Kentucky and feebly encouraged by the busy mother, has been for the little while forgot, though the dreams and the imaginings have been whetted by the fresh life and the solitude.

It is pretty lonely on Little Pigeon Creek with no neighbors to halloo to across the fields and no familiar face to see occasionally, but within a year the Sparrows, Tom and Betsy, relatives of Nancy, with Dennis Hanks, a boy of 18, and Tom's mother and other relatives, emigrate and take up life at the side of Tom and Nancy's family, who vacate their first hut for the use of the Sparrows and move into one a trifle better and bigger.

With the beginning of this little settlement, life opens up to the Lincolns. The town of Gentryville is only a mile and a half away, and soon strangers begin to pass their way, and a thread of connection is established with civilization. Homely, dreamy-eyed Abe is growing hungry for people and happenings, after his season of exile and contact only with the woods and the wilds. The sight of a stranger brings him to the front of the cabin tense with interest. The whole group is likely to gather to hear what tales the travelers bring of the outside world. Tom has hardly time to draw out his hospitable, "Light, stranger," before the boy, forgetting his shyness and everything else but the possibilities of news and information the stranger holds out has thrust some eager question. That answered, he fires another, and is ready with another when Tom cuffs him on the head with a curt, "Shut up; ain't you got no better manners than to pester a stranger to death with questions. Git away."

Abe slinks off to find Dennis, who is his

confidant and companion, in spite of the difference in years. "Denny," he complains, "Pap thinks it ain't polite to ask folks so many questions. I reckon I wasn't born to be polite. There's so darned many things I want to know."

It is a year since the Sparrows and other relatives of the Lincolns came out from Kentucky to join Tom Lincoln's family, and they are all settled in some degree of comfort when a wave of horror creeps over them. Sickness has spread through the sparsely settled community, a dread disease called milk-sickness. The only doctor is thirty-five miles away. Drugs are hardly known. There is no money to pay a doctor if one should be necessary. The little group of relatives live in dread of the sickness, and close on the heels of the dread comes the reality. Both Tom and Betsy Sparrow are stricken with it, and both died of it. The little community grows smaller. Then Tom's mother is seized and in a few weeks she, too, is dead, and then the slender, melancholy Nancy succumbs. The shadow grows black over the little Lincoln cabin. In a week after Nancy is seized she calls her two children to her and bids them good-by. It is a wretched trio she leaves huddled in the cabin at her death. There has been little demonstration and show of affection in the pioneer family. There were too many hardships to be faced and overcome, but the ties were strong and the snapping leaves the hearts of those that are left sore and smarting. Perhaps Nancy was not sorry to go except for leaving her two helpless bairns, for hers had been no gentle path, but Abe and Sairy and Tom find it very lonely in her absence. There had been no doctor to attend her in her sickness; there is no undertaker to bury her. Silently Tom and Dennis Hanks, with Abe helping, set to work to make the coffin to bury her in. Even the pegs that hold it together must be whittled, for there are no nails to be had.

It is a dreary winter that drags by after Nancy's going. Little Sairy does the best she can to cook and clean for the three men—Dennis lives with them now—but it is half-hearted work. She is so lonely that she curls down by the fire and cries her heart out at times. Dennis and Abe go forth in the woods to find something to give her pleasure. With delight they bring back to her one day a turtle and another day a baby coon, and these pets make her cry out with joy but even a cunning baby coon and a funny little turtle don't quite take the place of a mother. They scour the woods in every direction for a fawn. Surely that would go far towards helping her loneliness, but no fawn can be found to reward their search.

Abe is very busy with his chores and his father tries to teach him his trade of carpentry, but the boy is hopeless. He hates it, and his father finally gives it up as a bad job. "He's too lazy; ain't good for nothin' but readin' an' cipherin'."

Tom has been away for several weeks and Abe and Sairy and Dennis have managed in the cabin by themselves as best

they can. Tom set out for Kentucky, for what purpose the trio knows not, but they are beginning to scan the road impatiently for his return. One day the creak of wheels is heard, and a wagon is seen coming toward the cabin. The three are strained with the eagerness of watching by the time it draws up, and when Abe and Sairy and Dennis see within the wagon not only Tom, but a woman and two little girls and a boy, their eyes are nearly popping out of their three separate heads. Tom surely had not gone to Kentucky for nothing. When a new mother and the new sisters and brother are introduced to the young Lincolns and they catch a glimpse of the good stock of furniture their new mother has brought along with her, there is not only astonishment, but joy in their lonesome little hearts.

Now begins a new era in the Pigeon Creek cabin. The new mother immediately on alighting from the wagon lines up all the children before her and, having the trough outside filled with water, gives them a needed scrubbing. In a hurry things are put to rights in the cabin, the new furniture is installed, pewter dishes and knives and forks are introduced, Abe has a mattress to sleep on and warm bedding, Tom is set to work filling up the chinks in the cabin, plastering it and supplying door and windows. Within a week the bustling, kindly woman has made a home of a hut and is mothering the motherless children in a way they have never known before. Abe's fondness for books is found out, and she has him packed off to school and forbids any interruption when he huddles down of an evening with a book, munching his supper of corn dodgers while he reads.

* * *

Going to mill is one of the experiences in the life of Abe, who as he grows into his teens is stretching out to marvelous length, growing homelier with the years, more wiry and sinewy but with a strange far-off light coming into his eyes. Going to mill is more exciting than fishing in the creek, setting traps for rabbits, going coon hunting with Tom and Dennis, dropping corn or ploughing, more exciting even than following up bees to find the bee tree. The mill is seven miles away and Abe is allowed to go on the old gray, flea-bitten mule. Going to mill means carrying one's own sack of corn, it means awaiting one's turn for grinding, it means sometimes one or two trips before enough meal is ground, but it also means meeting the other boys from the neighborhood, it means talking—and Abe likes talking—it means, perhaps, gaining some new fact or some fresh hint of the world beyond Gentryville.

One day when Abe goes to the mill on the old gray mule he has to wait until sundown for his turn to have the corn ground. Each person has to furnish his own power, so Abe, mounting the arm of the wheel, hitches the mule to it. The

old gray mule is slow and not easy of persuasion. Abe keeps urging her on with "Get up, you old hussy." But the old hussy has a different way of looking at it. Finally, with patience exhausted, she swiftly lifts both of her hind legs and hits the impatient Abe in the head. The boy falls off the arm unconscious and bleeding. In much alarm his father is sent for and carried him home. During most of that night, Abe lies unconscious. Toward morning he stirs, and the first words he says are, "You old hussy."

The incident lingers in the boy's memory. He turns it over in his mind and seeks a scientific explanation of it in this way: that when the old gray mule's heels came in contact with his head he had just got out the words, "Get up"; the sentence stopped half-cocked and the rest was only fired off when consciousness returned.

At 13 Abe has quite a library; three whole books and each dearly come by. These are "Aesop's Fables," "Arabian Nights" and "Weems' Life of Washington." With one of the three he crouches before the fire every evening and hungrily devours it. It is too good to be kept to himself alone. The Arabian Nights' tales or Aesop he reads aloud in bits to his stepmother, who sits by with her patchwork, and to Dennis, who is lazily whittling. When Abe throws back his head and laughs the other two laugh with him, though not always very certain at what they are laughing. Sometimes Dennis, growing reflective, puts in the comment, "Abe, them yarns is all lies."

Abe, without putting down his book, says, "Mighty darn good lies, Denny," and proceeds with his reading.

Abe begins to do odd jobs for the neighbors around Gentryville, and sometimes in exchange for his work he has the privilege of reading a new book and adding to his store of accumulating knowledge. At the village store in Gentryville there is an occasional newspaper over which he pores, and storing up its information in his mind, spouts it generously to whomever will listen. He writes all over the walls of his home until "Abraham Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln," with splendid flourishes, adorns every available space. After writing it, he stands off admiringly and says to Dennis, "Look at that, will you—'Abraham Lincoln'—that spells me, Denny. Don't look a blamed bit like me, does it?"

Tom is not much for learning, and he finally indignantly protests against the disfiguring of the walls, so Abraham takes to the woods and carves his name on the trees his father is going to cut down, and then writes it with his toe in the sand.

* * *

He is now at 13, stretched almost to his full height of six feet four, and his stepmother despairs of ever keeping his breeches in any sort of connection with

his boot-tops. But Abe is growing more particular with his rude toilet. He wants some white shirts, and his stepmother urges him to get some cloth so she can make them for him. He secures a job of cutting wood for a man in the neighborhood, and cutting nine cords of wood manages finally to procure nine yards of unbleached cotton. This Mrs. Lincoln bleaches and out of it makes Abe his first two white shirts, one of which he very proudly dons every Sunday.

In the meantime Abe's desultory schooling has been going on. The schoolhouse is a long way from his home, and the schoolmasters are not able to impart much more than Abe knows himself, but he is a very faithful scholar when the crops doesn't interfere. It is a great event at Crawford's School where Abe is enrolled when he is 14, when Mr. Crawford inaugurates a class in manners. The scholars are required to enter the rough, uncouth little schoolhouse as if it were a drawing-room or parlor; they are trained in introducing one another and in exchanging greetings. To the backwoods scholars who know no other social festivities than log-rollings or occasional wedding feasts, this is a matter for much merriment, and when long, awkward Abe tries his hand at the gentle art, the girls' giggles and the boys' whoops are unrestrained.

But if Abe is the least apt pupil in "manners," in the things that are to be learned out of books he is always the best and especially in spelling, so that from all spelling matches he is finally debarred. There is one girl in the class, Kate Roby, whom it distresses the gawky Abe beyond measure to see defeated in a match, because Kate is pretty and rosy-cheeked and hath a roguish eye. One day while a match is on, the word "defied" is given out by the teacher. It is a puzzling word and many have gone down before it. Finally it comes to Kate. She gets as far as def—but hesitates about the i and e. Abe is across the room and she sees him watching her. He points with one finger to his eye. She immediately puts the i first and wins.

It is this same Kate with whom Abe, a few years later when sentiment is just beginning to stir in his boyish breast, sits on the bank of the creek one evening and watches the moon as many another youth and maid have done. The boy, in not a very romantic way, when the girl comments on the moon going down, begins to explain that it is not the moon that really goes down at all, but the earth moves.

Kate looks at him contemptuously a moment and then comments, "Abe, you're a fool for talking such nonsense."

But it was many years before she and some of the others that lived around Gentryville and made fun of the homely, lanky boy found out that they were fools instead of Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln Poems

To Lincoln.

O Lincoln, great-heart Lincoln,
Our memory is true;
Time hastes away,
But here to-day
Allegiance we renew.

O Lincoln, brave-heart Lincoln,
Thy dauntless will we hail;
Through long, dark years
Of foes and fears,
Thy courage did not fail.

O Lincoln, strong-heart Lincoln,
Steadfast as granite rock;
Thou stood'st for right
Throughout that night
Of awful storm and shock.

O Lincoln, true-heart Lincoln,
God's man of destiny;
It was thy hand
Gave just command
To set the negro free.

O Lincoln, sad-heart Lincoln,
No selfish thought was thine;
For others' woe
Thy tears did flow,
In sympathy divine.

O Lincoln, martyr Lincoln,
We thank thee with this psalm;
For country free
From sea to sea,
And one from pine to palm.

—Townsend Allen.

The New America.

(Copyright, January 1909.)

Tune— "All Saints New."

Dedicated to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln.

O land of opportunity!
America thy name—
We thank thee for thy proffered gifts
To rich and poor the same;
We thank thee more for honest toil
Than monuments of fame—
America! America!
To which our fathers came.

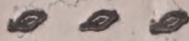
O land whose voices echo hope!
For hand and heart and mind—
We praise thee for the open doors
To think, to serve, to find—
For precedent's unfettered yoke
Which liberates mankind—
America! America!
Crowned leader of the blind.

O land with sacred suffrage blest!
Where people's voice decides;
We glory in the principle
That trusts men. Then abides
Their sovereign will in patient hope,
Though good or bad betides—
America! America!
In this thy power resides.

O land of scenic grandeur wide!
Where'er our eyes may view
We worship and adore the God
Who called thee forth anew—
The God who steered Columbus' ship;
When mariners were few—
America! America!
Unto thy God keep true.

—James Davidson Dingwell.

Uncrowned Kings



*Hurrah for ivied towers,
Renowned in song and story!
Hurrah for Old-World powers,
And knights and sages hoary;
But a louder cheer for the strong, plain men
That have made our country blest,
The uncrowned kings and heroes
Of our dear land of the West.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!*

Refrain.

*Hurrah for good men, strong and true,
Wheresoever they may be,
But cheers of love for the nameless kings,
Kings that gave us liberty!
Hurrah for good men, strong and true,
Wheresoever they may be,
But cheers of love for nameless kings
The kings that gave us liberty.
Hurrah! hurrah!*

*Hurrah for homesteads, cheering
The desert, hill and prairie!
Hurrah for warriors clearing
The forests wild and dreary;
And a long, long cheer for the heroes all
Who would neither work nor rest
Till man was free as Heaven's winds,
In the dear land of the West.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!*

Address of Theodore Roosevelt

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE OF THE MEMORIAL BEING BUILT ABOUT THE CABIN IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN, FEBRUARY 12, 1909.

Following the delivery of the impressive invocation, former Governor Joseph Folk of Missouri, who is president of the Lincoln Memorial Association, uttered some introductory remarks, telling the purpose of the association.

He was followed by Mr. Roosevelt, who laid the cornerstone, putting into its receptacle appropriate papers, which will be sealed by Nicholas Koenigstein of Hodgenville, and the stone raised into place.

"We have met here to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the two greatest Americans; of one of the two or three greatest men of the nineteenth century; of one of the greatest men in the world's history. This rail splitter, this boy who passed his un-gainly youth in the dire poverty of the poorest of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor, lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life. After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leadership of the Republic, at the moment when that leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time. He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and a vital task.

Power Was His, but Not Pleasure.

"Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow. But his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life-blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fiber the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.

"As a people we are indeed beyond measure fortunate in the characters of the two greatest of our public men, Washington and Lincoln. Widely though they differed in externals, the Virginia landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman, they were alike in essentials,

they were alike in the great qualities which rendered each able to render service to his nation and to all mankind such as no other man of his generation could or did render. Each had lofty ideals, but each in striving to attain these lofty ideals was guided by the soundest common sense. Each possessed inflexible courage in adversity, and a soul wholly unspoiled by prosperity. Each possessed all the gentler virtues commonly exhibited by good men who lack rugged strength of character. Each possessed also the strong qualities commonly exhibited by those towering masters of mankind who have too often shown themselves devoid of so much as the understanding of the words by which we signify the qualities of duty, of mercy, of devotion to the right, of lofty disinterestedness in battling for the good of others.

"There have been other men as great and other men as good, but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great. Widely though the problems of to-day differ from the problems set for solution to Washington when he founded this nation, to Lincoln when he saved it and freed the slave, yet the qualities they showed in meeting these problems are exactly the same as those we should show in doing our work to-day.

He Saw Into the Future.

"Lincoln saw into the future with the prophetic imagination usually vouchsafed only to the poet and the seer. He had in him all the lift toward greatness of the visionary, without any of the visionary's fanaticism or egotism, without any of the visionary's narrow jealousy of the practical man and inability to strive in practical fashion for the realization of an ideal. He had the practical man's hard common sense and willingness to adapt means to ends; but there was in him none of that morbid growth of mind and soul which blinds so many practical men to the higher things of life. No more practical man ever lived than this homely backwoods idealist; but he had nothing in common with those practical men whose consciences are warped until they fail to distinguish between good and evil, fail to understand that strength, ability, shrewdness, whether in the world of business or of politics, only serve to make their possessor a more noxious, a more evil member of the community if they are not guided and controlled by a fine and high moral sense.

"We of this day must try to solve many social and industrial problems, requiring to an especial degree the combination of indomitable resolution with

cool-headed sanity. We can profit by the way in which Lincoln used both these traits as he strove for reform. We can learn much of value from the very attacks which, following that course, brought upon his head attacks alike by the extremists of revolution and by the extremists of reaction. He never wavered in devotion to his principles, in his love for the Union, and in his abhorrence of slavery. Timid and lukewarm people were always denouncing him because he was too extreme; but as a matter of fact he never went to extremes, he worked step by step; and because of this the extremists hated and denounced him with a fervor which now seems to us fantastic in its deification of the unreal and the impossible. At the very time when one side was holding him up as the apostle of social revolution because he was against slavery, the leading abolitionist denounced him as the 'slave hound of Illinois.'

Attacked for Radicalism and Non-Radicalism.

"When he was the second time candidate for President, the majority of his opponents attacked him because of what they termed his extreme radicalism, while a minority threatened to bolt his nomination because he was not radical enough. He had continually to check those who wished to go forward too fast, at the very time that he overrode the opposition of those who wished not to go forward at all. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene.

"Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed. In the hour of a triumph that would have turned any weaker man's head, in the heat of a struggle which spurred many a good man to dreadful vindictiveness, he said truthfully that so long as he had been in his office he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom, and besought his supporters to study the incidents of the trial through which they were passing as philosophy from which to learn wisdom and not as wrongs to be avenged; ending with the solemn exhortation that, as the strife was over, all should reunite

in a common effort to save their common country.

Lived in Days That Were Great and Terrible.

"He lived in days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be the right. In a contest so grim the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even to the lesser, as the struggle fades into distance, and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps

back to the hearts that were hurt. But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice, and devotion to the right as it was given them to see the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South.

"As the years roll by, and as all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole

nation will grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the man whose blood was shed for the Union of his people and for the freedom of a race; the lover of his country and of all mankind. The mightiest of the mighty men who mastered the mighty days, Abraham Lincoln."

The President yielded to Governor Willson, who spoke on behalf of Kentucky for her greatest son.

General Grant Wilson, for the Federal Army, and General Luke E. Wright, for the Confederate Army, were then heard.

The President and other dignitaries boarded a train at 2:30, and the ceremonies, until William H. Taft, in April, dedicates the completed memorial hall, ended.

With Malice Toward None

(The concluding paragraph of Lincoln's second inaugural address.)

Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said,

"The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

The Meeting at Springfield, Ill.

ADDRESSES OF WILLIAM J. BRYAN AND HON. JAMES BRYCE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR, AT THE FORMER HOME AND GRAVE OF LINCOLN, FEBRUARY 12, 1909.

Mr. Bryan's Address.

"Lincoln's fame as a statesman and as the nation's chief executive in its most crucial period has so overshadowed his fame as an orator that his merits as a public speaker have not been sufficiently emphasized. When it is remembered that his nomination was directly due to the prominence which he won upon the stump; that in the most remarkable series of debates known to history he held his own against one of the most brilliant orators America has produced, and that to his speeches, more than to the arguments of any other one man, or, in fact, of all other public men combined, was due the success of his party—when all these facts are borne in mind it will appear plain, even to the casual observer, that too little attention has been given to the extraordinary power which he exercised as a speaker. The debates with Douglas have never had a parallel in this, or, so far as history shows, in any other country.

"On one side an institution supported by history and tradition and on the other a growing sentiment against the holding of a human being in bondage—these presented a supreme issue. Douglas won the senatorial seat for which the two at that time had contested, but Lincoln won a larger victory—he helped to mold the sentiment that was dividing parties and rearranging the political map of the country.

"No other American President has ever so clearly owed his elevation to his oratory. Washington, Jefferson and Jackson, the Presidents usually mentioned in connection with him, were all poor scholars.

"In analyzing Lincoln's characteristics as a speaker one is impressed with the completeness of his equipment. He possessed the two things that are absolutely essential to effective speaking—namely, information and earnestness. If one can be called eloquent who knows what he is talking about and means what he says—and I know of no better definition—Lincoln's speeches were eloquent. He was thoroughly informed upon the subject; he was prepared to meet his opponent upon the general proposition discussed, or upon any deductions which could be drawn from it.

"While the printed page cannot fully reproduce the impressions made by a voice trembling with emotion or tender with pathos, one cannot read the reports of the debates without feeling that Lincoln regarded the subject as far tran-

scending the ambitions or the personal interests of the debaters. It was of little moment, he said, whether they voted him or Judge Douglas up or down, but it was tremendously important that the question should be decided rightly. His reputation may have suffered in the opinion of some, because he made them think so deeply upon what he said that they, for the moment, forgot him altogether, and yet, is this not the very perfection of speech? It is the purpose of the orator to persuade, and to do this he presents not himself but his subject. Some one in describing the difference between Demosthenes and Cicero said that "when Cicero spoke people said, how well Cicero speaks, but when Demosthenes spoke, they said, let us go against Philip."

"No one has more clearly stated the fundamental objections to slavery than Lincoln stated them, and he had a great advantage over his opponent in being able to state those objections frankly, for Judge Douglas neither denounced nor defended slavery as an institution—his plan embodied a compromise and he could not discuss slavery upon its merits without alienating either the slave owner or the abolitionist.

"Brevity is the soul of wit, and a part of Lincoln's reputation for wit lies in his ability to condense a great deal into a few words. He was epigrammatic.

"His Gettysburg speech is not surpassed, if equaled, in beauty, simplicity, force and appropriateness by any speech of the same length in any language. It is the world's model in eloquence, elegance and condensation. He might safely rest his reputation as an orator on that speech alone.

"He understood the power of the interrogatory, for some of his most powerful arguments were condensed into questions. Of all those who discussed the evils of separation and the advantages to be derived from the preservation of the Union, no one ever put the matter more forcibly than Lincoln did when, referring to the possibility of war and the certainty of peace some time, even if the Union was divided, he called attention to the fact that the same question would have to be dealt with, and then asked, "Can enemies make treaties easier than friends can make laws?"

"He made frequent use of Bible language and of illustrations drawn from Holy Writ. It is said that when he was preparing his Springfield speech in 1858 he spent hours trying to find language that would express the idea that dominated his entire career, namely, that a republic could not permanently endure half free and half slave, and that finally a Bible passage flashed through his mind, and he exclaimed, "I have found it—"A house divided against itself cannot stand." and probably no other Bible passage ever exerted as much influence

as this one in the settlement of a great controversy.

"With no military career to dazzle the eye or excite the imagination, with no public service to make his name familiar to the reading public, his elevation to the Presidency would have been impossible without his oratory. The eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero was no more necessary to their work and Lincoln deserves to have his name written on the scroll with theirs."

Mr. Bryce's Address.

"You are met to commemorate a great man, one of your greatest; great in what he did, even greater in what he was," said Mr. Bryce. "One hundred years have passed since, in a lowly hut in the border State of Kentucky, this child of obscure and unlettered parents was born into a country then still wild and thinly peopled. Three other famous men were born in that same year in England—Alfred Tennyson, the most gifted poet who has used our language since Wordsworth died; William Gladstone, the most powerful, versatile and high-minded statesman of the last two generations in Britain, and Charles Darwin, the greatest naturalist since Linnaeus and chief among the famous scientific discoverers of the nineteenth century. It was a wonderful year.

"I was an undergraduate student in the University of Oxford when the Civil War broke out. I recollect how it slowly dawned upon Europeans in 1862 and 1863 that the President could be no ordinary man, because he never seemed cast down by the reverses which befell his arms, because he never let himself be hurried into premature action nor feared to take so bold a step as the Emancipation Proclamation was when he saw that the time had arrived. And above all, I remember the shock of awe and grief which thrilled all Britain when the news came that he had perished by the bullet of an assassin. There have been not a few murders of the heads of states in our time, but none smote us with such horror and such pity as the death of this great, strong and merciful man in the moment when his long and patient efforts had been crowned with victory and peace had just begun to shed her rays over a land laid waste by the march of armies.

"A man may be great by intellect or by character, or by both. The highest men are great by both, and of these was Abraham Lincoln.

"Rarely, indeed, has it happened in history, hardly at all could it have happened in the last century outside of America, that one born in poverty, with no help throughout his youth from intercourse with educated people, with no friend to back him except those whom the impression of his own personality brought round him, should so rise."

Address of Booker T. Washington

AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, FEBRUARY 12, 1909.

"You ask that which he found a piece of property and turned into a free American citizen to speak to you to-night of Abraham Lincoln. I am not fitted by ancestry or training to be your teacher to-night, for, as I have stated, I was born a slave.

"My first knowledge of Abraham Lincoln came in this way: I was awakened one morning by my mother praying that Abraham Lincoln might succeed and that one day she and her boy might be free. You give me the opportunity here this evening to celebrate with you and the Nation the answer to that prayer.

"Says the Great Book somewhere: 'Though a man die, yet shall he live.' If this is true of the ordinary man, how much more true is it of the hero of the hour and the century—Abraham Lincoln! One hundred years of the life and influence of Lincoln is the story of the struggles, the trials, ambitions and triumphs of the people of our complex American civilization. Knit into the life of Abraham Lincoln is the story and success of the nation in the blending of all tongues, religions, colors, races, into one composite nation, leaving each group and race free to live its own separate social life, and yet all a part of the great whole.

"The signing of the Emancipation Proclamation was a great event, and yet it was but the symbol of another, still greater and more momentous. We who celebrate this anniversary should not forget that the same pen that gave freedom to 4,000,000 of African slaves at the same time struck the shackles from the souls of 27,000,000 of Americans of another color.

"In abolishing slavery Lincoln proclaimed the principle that, even in the case of the humblest and weakest of mankind, the welfare of each is still the good of all. In re-establishing in this country the principle that, at bottom, the interests of humanity and of the individual are one, he freed men's souls from spiritual bondage.

"Henceforth no man of any race, either in the North or in the South, need feel constrained to fear or hate his brother. By the same token that Lincoln made America free, he pushed back the boundaries of freedom everywhere, gave the spirit of liberty a wider influence throughout the world, and re-established the dignity of man as man.

"By the same act that freed my race he said to the civilized and uncivilized world that man everywhere must be free, and that man everywhere must be enlightened, and the Lincoln spirit of freedom and fair play will never cease to spread and grow in power until throughout the world all men shall know the truth, and the truth shall make them free.

"People so often forget that by every inch that the lowest man crawls up he makes it easier for every other man to get up. To-day, throughout the world, because Lincoln lived, struggled, and triumphed, every boy who is ignorant, in poverty, despised, or discouraged, holds his head a little higher. His heart beats a little faster, his ambition to do something and be something is a little stronger, because Lincoln blazed the way.

"Like Lincoln, the negro race, should seek to be simple, without bigotry and without ostentation. There is great power in simplicity. We, as a race, should, like Lincoln, have moral courage to be what we are, and not pretend to be what we are not.

"We should keep in mind that no one can degrade us except ourselves; that if we are worthy no influence can defeat us. Like other races, the negro will often meet obstacles, often be sorely tried and tempted, but we must keep in mind that freedom, in the broadest and highest sense, has never been a bequest; it has been a conquest. In the final test the success of our race will be in proportion to the service that it renders to the world. In the long run the badge of service is the badge of sovereignty.

"In paying my tribute of respect to the great emancipator of my race, I desire to say a word here and now in behalf of an element of brave and true white men of the South who, though they saw in Lincoln's policy the ruin of all they believed in and hoped for, have loyally accepted the results of the Civil War and are to-day working with a courage few people in the North can understand to uplift the negro in the South and complete the emancipation that Lincoln began.

"I am tempted to say that it certainly required as high a degree of courage for men of the type of Robert E. Lee and John B. Gordon to accept the results of the war in the manner and spirit which they did as that which Grant and Sherman displayed in fighting the physical battles that saved the Union.

"Lincoln lives to-day because he had the courage which made him refuse to hate the man at the South or the man at the North when they did not agree with him. He had the courage as well as the patience and foresight to suffer in silence, to refuse to revile when reviled. For he knew that if he was right the ridicule of to-day would be the applause of to-morrow. He knew, too, that at some time in the distant future our nation would repent of the folly of cursing our public servants while they live and blessing them only when they die.

"In this connection I cannot refrain from suggesting the question to the millions of voices raised to-day in his praise, 'Why did you not say it yesterday?'—yesterday, when one word of ap-

proval and gratitude would have meant so much to him in strengthening his hand and heart.

"As we gather here, brothers all, in the common joy and thanksgiving for the life of Lincoln, may I not ask that you, the worthy representatives of 70,000,000 of white Americans, join heart and hand with the 10,000,000 of black Americans—these 10,000,000 who speak your tongue, profess your religion—who have never lifted their voices or hands except in defense of their country's honor and their country's flag and swear eternal fealty to the memory and the traditions of the sainted Lincoln?

"I repeat, may we not join with your race and let all of us here highly resolve that justice, good-will and peace shall be the motto of our lives? If this be true, Lincoln shall not have lived and died in vain.

"And, finally, gathering inspiration and encouragement from this hour and Lincoln's life, I pledge to you and to the Nation that my race, in so far as I can speak for it, which, in the past, whether in ignorance or intelligence, whether in slavery or in freedom, has always been true to the Stars and Stripes and to the highest and best interests of this country, will strive to so deport itself that it shall reflect nothing but the highest credit upon the whole people in the North and in the South."

During the address of Mr. Washington he turned impressively to Mr. A. H. Burroughs, a grandson of his former master, and, though not a part of the prepared speech, he spoke very feelingly of the old acquaintance as follows:

"There sits a man who is the grandson of Joseph Burroughs, who was my owner down in Franklin County, Va., when I was a slave. He and I played together as children, fought and wept, laughed and sobbed together. He was the white boy, I was the black boy, on that old plantation.

"He liked me then and he likes me yet. I liked him then and I like him now. But until this week I have not met Abe Burroughs since one day away back in 1863 it came to my frightened ears that old 'Massa' Burroughs, his grandfather and my owner, had been killed.

"There was a skirmish and the Federal troops, I was told, had shot him. I was frightened. I rushed home and told Abe and he and I cried together. Our hearts were broken. That is a long while ago. But here is Abe and here am I, and we meet to-night at a banquet board in the greatest city in the world to celebrate the centennial of the birth of the man who set us both free. I mean that. Abraham Lincoln set Mr. Burroughs free when he set me free."

Addresses at the Twentieth Annual Dinner

OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF BROOKLYN BY GOVERNOR FORT OF NEW JERSEY.

SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, MAJOR GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES

AND DR. STEPHEN S. WISE.

Governor Fort's Address.

"The last 100 years of the history of the Republic," he said, "have been the most wonderful in results that the world has ever known. When Abraham Lincoln was born Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States, and James Madison, the fourth President of the Republic, was about to enter into that office. At that time the population of the United States was only 7,239,881, and the frontier of the country was east of the Mississippi. Not a railroad or steamboat existed and electricity was not even a dream. President Jefferson had just concluded the Louisiana Purchase and the line of 46-40 or fight had not yet been settled and the great West beyond the Mississippi guaranteed to the States. The second war with Great Britain was unfought. There had been just twenty years of government under the Constitution of 1787 when Abraham Lincoln first saw the light of day.

"He was born at a time when the living issues, inspired by love of liberty, and enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, were still fresh in the minds and heard in the talk of the men who had made this Republic possible.

"Washington had been dead less than ten years and Jefferson lived until Lincoln was 17 years of age. He grew to manhood amid the fierce contests of the Federalists, Republicans and Democrats, and in early manhood witnessed the strife over the Missouri Compromise measures, the Mexican War and later the Kansas border wars, himself taking high ground against the extension of slavery into the territories. He drank in liberty and the love of his fellow men from his earliest moments, and it grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength until he was called hence as his country's martyr.

"He was largely a man of one purpose, not to say one idea. He was something of a Cromwell, without his hatreds. His frontier life was lonely, and necessarily promotive of independence, self-reliance and liberty. It was equally conducive to democracy in government and close touch with the people. His growth into manhood had no class prejudices, and, being close to nature, the very air he breathed was promotive of the belief that all men were created equal. There was nothing but equality of all men at Pigeon Creek, Ind., and New Salem, Ill. That one man could enslave another was abhorrent to every sense of justice of those frontier people. The color of a man's skin was not a criterion of superiority among the hardy pioneers of the western civilization of this Republic from 1830 to 1850.

"He grew up amid surroundings and

influences to strengthen and confirm the principles he later exemplified.

"The great men in life have been the men of a single purpose. Abraham Lincoln was ambitious. He never denied it. He always asserted it. His purpose in life was political. He wished to serve the state. How he came by that desire is past finding out. It was undoubtedly intuitive. There is not a suggestion in history that anyone ever counseled him in this direction or urged him upon a political career. At 23 years of age, without, so far as we know, a single thing ever having been done or suggested by him before, he launched into political life in an address to the people of Sangamon County on March 9, 1832."

Governor Fort read part of it, and then said:

"This is the first known public writing of Lincoln. It is almost as sudden in its bursting upon the world as the announcement on the banks of the Jordan of the Messiah by John the Baptist.

"From the day he sent forth this address until the day he fell, a martyr to the cause of the freedom of man, he never flagged in his ambition to represent and be esteemed by the people. His expressed wish that he might be 'esteemed by his fellow men' he realized in life; and in death, his memory is revered by countless millions, not only of his fellow men, but of all seekers after liberty throughout the civilized world.

"Lincoln was, in every respect, considering his time and the then methods, an ideal politician—for he was a politician in the truest and best sense of that word. He was an intense partisan; yet his country was always first and his party second.

"He was not a time server. He never issued addresses nor constructed meaningless platforms to deceive the people. What he said he uttered in sincerity and never swayed from his promises. He stood for conditions as they were until they could be overthrown by constitutional methods. He believed in the republic with an intensity born of glorious prosperity under it.

"His belief in the people was sanctified by their devotion to him. His purposes were all noble and elevating. His heart bled for the oppressed of the human race, and his sense of justice prompted him to aid in the overthrow of their oppressors; and in all his public acts and utterances there was an underlying reliance in the justice of his cause, coupled with a firm belief in the ultimate triumph of righteousness.

Lincoln's Predominating Characteristic.

"Courage, the quality of statesmanship so needed in our times, was the predominating characteristic of Lincoln. As a national political leader, his first great advance was made in 1858, when he de-

clared in the Springfield convention which nominated him for senator: 'A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall. It will become all one thing or all the other.'

"Considering the conditions that existed at that time, that was, probably, the most courageous statement ever uttered by any political leader. It was staking all upon a single throw. Lincoln knew it. His friends knew it. They counseled that he omit it from the speech. But he said, 'No.' And while it probably cost him the senatorship, it made him the President. What a campaign that was between Douglas and Lincoln!

"Did it ever occur to you that the modern suggestion that United States senators should be elected by the people by nominating conventions or primaries, was not novel in the states? Both Douglas and Lincoln were so nominated by their party in 1858. It is the right way. The people have a right to know for whom their representative is to vote for this great office. They have an equal right to know what views the prospective senator holds on all important public questions.

"Is it not remarkable that, in all Lincoln's political career, there is not a sentence of any letter or public address that we would wish he had never written or spoken? He was the ideal political leader. Would we had more like him, Men who put principles above party; honor above office, brains above money, integrity above political policy, and country above self.

"There is a splendid civic spirit abroad in our day. It is growing. The people are quickening in interest in public affairs. They are demanding higher principles in public service; that public officials shall be governed by a single motive, namely, that public office is a public trust, and that every official act shall be performed with the sole object of voicing the popular will. In short, that we shall have to represent us in all public offices men with the principles of Lincoln Republicans.

"What a magnificent pilot he was! Calm, serene, steady; 'with malice toward none, with charity for all.' He piloted the ship of state safely. We, a reunited nation to-night, are all honoring the man and his memory. He left us a great republic. Citizenship in it is a high honor.

"In the days of Caesar, the Eagles of Rome dominated the then known world and protected a Roman everywhere.

"When the great apostle to the Gentiles stood falsely accused before Festus and about to be condemned to death, he stayed the hand of the executioner by declaring to that magistrate, 'I am free born and a Roman, and I appeal unto Caesar,' and unto Caesar he did go.

"This republic which Lincoln saved is now recognized as potential in all the nations known to civilized man. Its citi-

zenship is respected everywhere. The flag of the country which Washington gave us and Lincoln saved us, can protect us anywhere against false accusation by the simple declaration, 'I am a citizen of the Republic of the United States.'

At the conclusion of Governor Fort's address Senator Depew entered the banquet hall and the applause that greeted him was an evidence that "Our Chauncey" was as strong a favorite as ever with the members of the Union League Club. It was some time before the toastmaster was permitted to continue the programme of toasts. When he could do so he introduced General Wood.

General Wood's Address.

"It ill becomes me to speak on 'Lincoln and the Army' in the presence of one of the foremost soldiers of the Civil War and one of the heroes of Gettysburg, General Sickles. There is no doubt that Lincoln's influence with the army was something tremendous. His wonderful knowledge of human nature, his persistence, his great tact in handling men was one of the great and determining causes which led to the success of the union cause in the Civil War. Out of that war grew this united country. Our people sometimes say that the war with Spain was expensive and that little has resulted. I think we have been paid many times over in the saving which has resulted in the control of yellow fever. Formerly the cost of maintaining a quarantine from the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Rio Grande and the stopping of commerce and transportation in result far exceeded the cost of the war. Another result has been the up-building of a government in the Philippines among a people to whom any form of self-government has hitherto been unknown. I think that wars honestly undertaken by honest people usually result in great good. We sometimes criticize the loss of time spent in the army, especially in foreign armies, but I think men are much better fitted to take up the battle of life after, say, two years of military training, and I think that it is a good thing to devote a certain portion of our lives to the defense of our country. The great work of the army here is to keep in touch with the National Guard and to improve the system of instruction. We do not come as critics, but as brothers in arms, perhaps following the trade a little more steadily, and we want to get in close and sympathetic touch with you and do all we can to help you on.

Speech of Augustus Thomas.

Augustus Thomas, who was introduced by President Latson, as perhaps the greatest playwright in America, spoke in part as follows:

"Lincoln was many things to many men. The books tell us that in his youth and up to manhood, he had in his possession only the Bible, 'Aesop's Fables,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Robinson Crusoe' and the lives of Washington and Clay.

"Lincoln, struggling along on the Bible and Aesop and those other books, must have read and reread them, and we have in our knowledge a glimpse of the forces that made the character of this great man. As a reader of the Bible he must have been familiar with utterances of David and Jeremiah and Paul, and the old fashioned and eternal wisdom of the Proverbs; he must have known the patience and charity and gentleness of the Man of Nazareth. In Aesop's Fables he learned that men of all time were like himself, and what was true of them was eternally true. And he learned to think with Emerson that to believe your own thoughts, to believe that what is true for you in your own heart is true for all mankind. That is genius, and that was Lincoln's genius. As a reader of the

'Pilgrim's Progress' he must have been acquainted with Faithful and Faintheart and the splendid record of Christian. Reading Crusoe he must have learned to meet a position of need, to build up from little the things he needed, to be patient in the long struggle. In reading the life of Washington he must have found much similar to his own; the young fellow alone on the prairie, the captain in the Indian war. In the life of Clay there were many parallels; the boy life, alone at 15, the clerk in the grocery store, making his own progress through the law. The greatest thing that has come into our national education was that uttered by William James, when he said to the teachers some fourteen or fifteen years ago, that there is no reception without reaction, there is no impression without correlating expression, by which he meant that one man having the impression of another man in nailing nine nails into a board has learned less than the man who saw him nail one nail and then nailed nine. A very learned man in this country said, "Whenever I wish to know anything about a subject I lecture on it." When any of us care to know anything about a subject we may read, but we do not know until we have spoken of it. Lincoln read and reread, and then he had the reaction and the expression. Words meant something to him, and no man who ever wrote English wrote words so simple and yet so eloquent. Speaking for education, he said: 'I believe in anything that will make for morality, sobriety, enterprise and industry.' Wendell Holmes said: 'There are words that have loved each other since the birth of the language, and when they meet that is poetry.' Lincoln had this poetry of the highest type. No man was ever his equal as a master of happy apposites. Lincoln was a commander-in-chief because he was that simple man, because he went back to first principles. He defeated Douglas because he took higher moral ground. He was a commander-in-chief because he could argue only such cases as he felt were just; because he had honor; because he knew the value of the scriptural phrase: 'To him that overcometh shall be given.'

"We cannot all be President, but we can all of us deserve to be. We can all have the control of ourselves that Lincoln had. We can all of us be commanders-in-chief in the degree that he was; to recognize behind the physical surroundings the God that was in him, and be true to that on all occasions."

Senator Depew's Address.

"One of the speakers has said that Abraham Lincoln was the first product of direct nomination. They must have had a different system then from now, because, as I understand it, now the finest product of direct nomination is Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin, at \$2 per. I am not here tonight to discuss primary nominations, but I hope that Brother Kracke, when he gets his bill perfected up to date, will make it so that things which are done in other states will be avoided in our own when the system is adopted.

"Lincoln the man impresses me, from my personal recollection of him, more than Lincoln the statesman. As the latter he has been my study for forty years, but Lincoln the man has been the most tender appreciation of my recollection. He was the most human creature I ever met. I saw him before he was inaugurated and frequently afterward. The wonder was in the democratic way in which he received everybody that he was not assassinated long before the tragedy. He took no precautions whatever. The wear and tear of the incessant demands upon him at the time of the war would have killed him except for two reasons. One, the extraordinary vitality which he had gained from the hardy life of his youth, and the other his

vast love of fun and his immense store of anecdote. Once I called on him to pay my respects, and, after he had got rid of a crowd of people, he threw himself on the lounge and drew up those long legs of his (the longest I ever saw), put his hands around his knees and, rocking back and forth, for upward of an hour told me clever stories. Now the reason he did that was to relieve his mind. But he often used a story to get rid of troublesome callers. There was a distinguished politician from Maryland who was constantly calling on President Lincoln, accompanied by a crowd of constituents, and demanding offices. One day he came as usual with his friends and Lincoln was weary and ill. Still the man forced his way in, and Lincoln said: 'I am glad to see you, because I can give every one of you something now.' They all began to say, 'Thank you, Mr. President, thank you, Mr. President,' and the politician began: 'Mr. President, I want to say on behalf of the people of Maryland—' 'Hold on, hold on,' broke in the President. 'I have got the smallpox. The doctor says mine is a very bad case.' And the room was cleared in two minutes.

"Now, where did Lincoln get his style? My impression is that writing his composition without anybody to correct it upon a wooden shovel he compared it with his Shakspeare and his Old Testament and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' He had the great courage, which few presidents have had, of calling the greatest men of his party to his cabinet, men who were his rivals, notably Seward and Chase. I want to tell you something of his appearance. He was six feet four, had enormous hands and feet and was very awkward in movement. At first you thought he had never had any opportunity for culture. When you talked with him there was something in his talk, something in his face, something of dignity and the great mind behind, that you left with the impression that you had spoken with one of the great men of the age. I had that impression many times. I saw Lincoln when he stepped off his car for a few minutes at Peekskill while on his way to Washington for his inauguration. He was cheerful and light hearted though he traveled through crowds, many of whom were enemies, part of the time in secret and all the time in danger of assassination. I met him frequently three years afterward when care, anxiety and overwork had made him look prematurely aged. I was one of the committee in charge of the funeral train which was bearing his body to his home while on its way through the State of New York.

"We are celebrating within a few months of each other the tercentenary of Milton and the centenaries of Poe and Darwin. But for Lincoln the acclaim goes up to-day to him as one of the few foremost men of all the ages, from statesmen and men of letters of every land, from the halls of Congress and of the Legislatures, from the seats of justice, from colleges and universities, and above and beyond all, from the homes of the plain people of the United States.

"There has been arising all this day acclamation that the greatest of the human beings who have done most for the welfare and happiness of the world was Abraham Lincoln."

General Sickles' Address.

"I asked myself reverently and I asked my most dearly beloved Chaplain Twichell this evening, if Lincoln, in the mansions of the just, knows what is going on to-day in this land in his honor. I trust and hope he does know and realize the love that our people bear to him."

The speaker gave a vivid account of his being wounded at Gettysburg and being carried on a stretcher to Washington, where Lincoln came at once to see him. "He asked me a number of questions about the battle and after I had an-

swered him I asked him if it was true, as we had heard, that in Washington the people were packing up ready to move. 'Well,' he said, 'perhaps there was some but I did not pack. I knew you were going to win the battle.' I said, 'We have not been winning many battles lately; why were you confident?' Then after a pause, he said: 'Sickles, I will tell you. On Tuesday night, when I heard the two armies were confronting each other, I went into my chamber and prayed to God as I never prayed before. I said, 'O, Lord, this is your country, this is your struggle in which I am engaged with the brave army, I have done all in my power to save this Union which you have so often blest. My efforts are exhausted. I can do no more. My only hope is now with you. I pray you to give some hope, some reason to feel that success is now to be achieved by our army,' and I rose from my knees and had a feeling within me which I cannot describe, but which I can never forget, that your army would be successful at Gettysburg, and I had no doubt of the result. Now you know in whom I trust from this time until the end of the struggle.'

Address of Dr. Stephen S. Wise.

"Lincoln was the most American of Americans. It cannot truly be said that Lincoln was not a type. God help us if Lincoln be not a type, if it be true that

he stands alone, without fellows, without ancestors, and without successors. His ancestors were Cromwell and Hampden, Hancock and Adams, Washington and Franklin. His ancestry was the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence. His forerunners were Garrison, John Brown, Theodore Parker. Lincoln himself was just and generous enough to say of his forerunners, the intrepid abolitionists, that their moral power had enabled him to do all.

"As one reviews the life of Lincoln, the prophet of Democracy, one is moved to say that no man has the right to call himself a Democrat who distrusts the people, who is fearful of entrusting the people with plenary power, who is afraid that the popular-rights movement has gone too far. Lincoln trusted the common people with less reason for faith in them than have we. We have every reason to trust the people which moved him to place his trust in them and one besides, Lincoln himself—the common people incarnate in this type-man.

"Lincoln has conferred a new dignity upon labor, but the new dignity of labor must include larger dignity and fuller life for the toiler. If it be true, as Lincoln has said, that to secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any good government, then children should cease to toil, then Northern capi-

tal shall cease to enslave the children of the South. Then women must not be overworked and underpaid, and must not be driven into shame from shop and store and factory by a starvation wage, then man must have a larger and larger share of the fruits of his labor, and the state is to cease to be so unwise as to suffer the evils of widespread and protracted unemployment.

"The Lincoln centenary will be of little value unless, in the spirit of the Gettysburg address, we make it tell by dedicating ourselves anew to the things for which he lived and died. The important thing to-day is not what we say of Lincoln, but what Lincoln would say of us, if he were here in this hour and could note the drift and tendency in American life and American politics. Are we true to him, are we loyal to his memory? Lincoln is become for us the test of human worth, and we honor men in the measure in which they approach the absolute standard of Abraham Lincoln. Other men may resemble and approach him; he remains the standard whereby all other men are measured and appraised. There could be no poorer way of honoring the memory of Lincoln than to assume, as we sometimes do, that the race of Lincolns has perished from the earth, that we shall not look upon his like again. When the Lincoln-like man stands before us, let us recognize and honor him fitly."

At the Lincoln Club, Brooklyn

ADDRESS IN PART OF JUSTICE LUKE D. STAPLETON.

"He was the embodiment of common sense," he said, "and had a perfect sense of proportion. He had some of the frailties of mankind, he was endowed with all the rugged virtues. He thought fairly and concluded accurately. Justice was his ideal. To its achievement his matchless talents, his untiring energies and uncompromising loyalty were devoted. He knew the people; he perceived their habitual indifference; he felt the thrill of their occasional enthusiasm; he knew the rectitude of their aroused purpose; he had an abiding faith in the wisdom of their final judgment.

"He did not believe that they needed civic guardians. He understood that no class or type had a monopoly of conscience, experience or wisdom. He believed that all the people were more dis-

interestedly patriotic than a few. He had the shrewdness to seek the motive behind the professions of voluntary advisers. He was afflicted by no delusion concerning politics or human nature.

"He was ever mindful of the eternal struggle between the practical and the ideal. In the appointment of his Cabinet he demonstrated the sagacity of repressing the hostility of his competitors by affirmatively inviting their co-operation, and knew that the best way to quiet annoying ambition was to partially gratify it. His opportunities for culture were meager; his achievements in culture were superb. What he knew, he knew thoroughly. He is history's great exemplar of simplicity. He knew the value of advice, but realized the responsibility of decision. He had an instinct for

mercy. He made industry a habit. He is the one character conspicuous in history absolutely free from vanity. He was infinitely more concerned in the triumph of right and justice than in the agency by whom it was achieved. He craved for the accomplishment of his great purpose that he might withdraw from the glare and enjoy the true happiness of private life following public service faithfully performed.

"Lincoln was the demonstration of the wisdom of our form of government. He was illustrious without ancestry, noble without environment, cultured without compromising self-respect, great without design, famous without ambition, and the glory of his career will endure while there is a soul to admire virtue and a heart to love the greatest of plain men."

Centenary of Emancipator Fittingly Observed in Schools of Brooklyn--Extracts of Addresses



IN each of the forty-six school districts of the city, exercises were held on February 12, under the auspices of the Board of Education. When the centenary committee, appointed by Mayor McClellan, sought the co-operation of the school authorities, City Superintendent William H. Maxwell became deeply interested, and for months bent every energy to make the occasion worthy of the great President and of the school system. As the Board of Education said by resolutions at its meeting on February 24, the success of the exercises was due to Dr. Maxwell's indefatigable efforts. It was he who arranged the programme and obtained the services of the speakers at all the centers, and to him is the praise due. Over 65,000 persons listened to the masterly addresses, and had the auditoriums of the schools been twice as large they would have been filled, because as many persons were turned away as were admitted. The exercises in the fourteen Brooklyn centers were as interesting and as enthusiastic as those in any borough of the city.—[Editor].

Justice William J. Gaynor, at the Manual Training High School.

"While the boy Abraham Lincoln was being reared on the frontiers in poverty and toil, and without schooling, except a few weeks now and then—not to exceed a year in all—millions of boys all over the country, especially of the cities, were being thoroughly educated in the schools and colleges to be equipped for the affairs of life. And yet this obscure, hard-worked and unschooled boy was to surpass them all. He had in him the stuff and the mettle, and especially the deep-rooted and anxious soul, which constitute primacy among men. His destiny was rooted in a character which no amount of education can bestow. His life illustrates the saying that the power of instruction is seldom of much use, except in those happy dispositions in which it is almost superfluous. Every one cannot have the opportunity and the destiny of Abraham Lincoln; but look about you at the leaders in every department of life, and see what you are capable of, if, like Lincoln, you are firm of faith, self-reliant and persevering, little by little, and from little things to greater. Patience is the possession of great souls, and how God-like was the patience of Lincoln.

"Look at our great heads or captains of industry, as they are called. Whence came they, but by the royal road of hard toil, from the lowest beginnings, and generally from youths of hardship and poverty? And how many are railing at and abusing them! Their hard-earned success seems to excite the ill-will of a considerable number of people. Their courageous enterprise, and combinations of cap-

ital are the subjects of unthinking clamor. Rather should they excite our admiration and good will. The natural combination of capital, unfostered and unaided by law or government, is a thing no one need dread. It will work good and not ill to mankind. But if it be built up by government favoritism, which enables a few to destroy their rivals, then it is wicked and fraught with ills. Do not attack the honest enterprise of your fellowmen, but attack these evils wherever they exist. Blame your government for them. That many should be made poor that a few may be made rich suiteth not a commonwealth, as Cromwell said, and Lincoln often said the like. Fair play to all and favoritism to none will still continue to produce your Abraham Lincolns and your leading men—statesmen, politicians, business men—from your own ranks.

"Lincoln was born and reared among the best kind of people. His character was an inheritance. The people with whom he was born and bred were a sterling stock. To mingle with them, and be of them, was an education in itself. They came from the schools and town meetings of the Eastern States, and from the similar institutions of Virginia and Kentucky. In character and intelligence they were not excelled in the world. They were very far from being ignorant. They were law-abiding, respectful to authority, but would suffer no unlawful encroachment, and knew how to keep government at arm's length, which is characteristic of free men. It was in their blood.

"It is true that Abraham Lincoln belonged to no Christian church or denomination; but, oh, how full his great soul was of belief in Almighty God and his rulership over this world. His belief in Almighty God was tender and absolute. His sublime expression of it in some of his utterances moves to tears. He was attending the theater on Good Friday night when assassinated, almost at that hour when the Christian world were facing with sorrowful hearts toward the hill called Golgotha, where the Son of Man hung from the Cross. A good many Christian hearts were sore over this, but they nevertheless felt that another great heart had ceased to beat, and their sorrow was increased.

"The greatness of the epoch in which he lived, and of the great men of that epoch, the aggregate soul of his day and generation, are apotheosized in him and make him great forever. Every great epoch is apotheosized in some one man; not always the greatest man, but the one about which it centered and finally evolved. There were other Lincolns that were never heard of. Not every great soul is given opportunity to unfold to the world; many go to the grave unknown, and sleep in the churchyards. 'Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest; some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.' But with all his defects, and slowness of mind and mistakes, the depth of his philosophy and human nature makes him stand forth forever as one of the world's few rulers whose figure, like unto that of Jesus, will grow more and more colossal as the generations recede farther and farther from it."

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, at the Girls High School.

"Lincoln had a magic touch; he touched a log cabin and transformed it into a palace; he touched a few simple books and turned them into a university, in which he learned the rudiments that afterward made him a leader of men. George Washington climbed hand over hand the golden rungs of the ladder of luxury; Abraham Lincoln climbed hand over hand up the ladder of success, the rungs of which were rails split by his own hands. The four golden rules that lead to success in this great country of ours are liberty, equality, intelligence and opportunity. Lincoln, Henry Clay and William McKinley are brilliant examples of what can be attained by the use of opportunity, and they all knew what real hardship was in their boyhood and young manhood.

"Lincoln lay on the floor of his rude log cabin before the blazing logs, and absorbed the contents of three books—the Bible, Aesop's Fables and Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' His splendid brain took in the contents of these books as our bodies take in the meat and bread that sustain our physical life. Later on, when his opportunity came, he was equal to it; God took him into the Temple of Fame, and we point to him with pride, and say, 'There is the sort of men we produce in this republic.'

"What are the secrets of the character and career of Lincoln? His character he inherited from his father and mother. Nothing is more common than for editors and authors to belittle the parents of Lincoln. Nancy Hanks was a bundle of apple blossoms that never came to fruit; Thomas Lincoln was a bundle of roots that never came to full growth. God didn't perform any miracle when He created Abraham Lincoln; He gave him a good father and mother, and gave the child an inheritance beyond price. Abraham Lincoln was like Pike's Peak. You really begin the ascent of Pike's Peak at Omaha, and you climb by degrees until you reach the summit among the clouds. Study Abraham Lincoln's ancestry, and you will find that he stood on a foundation so strong that his forehead strikes against the stars.

"Lincoln's written words have never been excelled for simplicity and style. Simple, racy, beautiful words, learned from his study of 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'

"Lincoln's belief in God was one of his most distinguishing characteristics. If you take God out of Lincoln's life it would be like taking July and August out of the summer time.

"There were many things in which he was not well versed, but he was thoroughly equipped for the work he had in hand, which was the preservation of the Union. This was never shown to greater advantage than in the letter he wrote to Beecher, Greeley and Phillips, that caused those three men to see that Lincoln understood the real cause of the conflict between the North and South, and that made them understand it as he did. He was walking a line as thin as a razor's edge, but his feet were steady, and he walked the line successfully. Lincoln was

an intellectual giant, and had warmth of heart. If you could have cut into his heart, you would have found graven on it 'Truth.' He had a wonderful sympathy. My definition of sympathy is a golden chariot, in which the human soul rides out to bring messages that cheer the downtrodden and oppressed. Lincoln's soul was always in this golden chariot, and it never failed to bring a message to those that needed it most sorely."

Edward Lauterbach, at Public School No. 5.

The speaker traced the history of slavery on this continent from the beginning in the early plantation days when Dutch and English traders made much wealth by capturing slaves and unloading them on the new country. And even later, when England had abolished slavery in her own islands, she forced the iniquity on her colonies. Why? Merely that her princes of trade and even her royal family might profit. England took no account of the evil she was forcing on her dependencies for all time to come.

Then came the Revolution, and the yoke of England was for all time shaken from our neck, but slavery remained. It was an evil that could not be shaken off, for again by the invention of cotton gin it had become profitable to the owners of the South. They could not do without the black man's labor, and they had to have their corn, sugar and cotton grow in the fields. In the North slavery was abolished, because it was against the ideas of freedom, in which New England and the rest of the North has always been in the lead. There was no provision in the Constitution of the United States against slavery, but Washington clearly did not approve of the institution, as shown by his manumission of his own slaves.

But there was a provision in the Constitution that slavery should not go above the Mason and Dixon line. This was satisfactory until the great West was acquired, and state after state was carved out of that territory. Then came the question: Should slavery be allowed in these new states or not? Here is where the South broke faith. They had agreed that no slavery should be allowed north of a certain line, but now it was politically expedient to say, "Never mind about the agreement. Let the people in these new states say whether they want slavery or not." Then came the momentous Dred Scott decision, by which a slave was declared not to be a person with any inherent right to freedom, but a chattel, and thus could be recovered by the owner anywhere."

At this time Douglas, the Little Giant, was the great man of the country. He played politics, placated the South and placated the North, but when he stood for re-election in his state, Illinois, he encountered Abraham Lincoln, a man without any learning in books, but with much of the learning that comes from the open and rough life of the frontiersman. A man educated in the great school of woods and hills, he brought the issue at stake clearly before the country, and although defeated for the senatorship, he became the leader of the new party in the North.

He was a man of courage, of gentleness, and of wisdom. When he was elected the South threatened to declare war the moment he took the oath of office. But he did not hesitate.

When the flag was shot upon he issued a call to arms, and the country reverberated with the cry, "Yes, Father Abraham, we are coming, three hundred thousand strong." The story of the battles, the defeats, the dark days, the opposition, the criticisms, is familiar to all. The North cried to have the slaves emancipated immediately, but Lincoln was not the man to do a thing unlawfully. He called to the South to come back to the Union, slavery or no slav-

ery. The great editor, Horace Greeley, wrote to him and told him he was wrong, but Lincoln answered him with such gentleness and forbearance that Greeley was silenced.

The members of Lincoln's cabinet had been his opponents, yet he picked the men not to suit himself, but to get the ablest men for the country. They thought at first that they could run the country without consulting the obscure country lawyer from Illinois, but they found they were mistaken. He was the master.

When victory came, and Lincoln's face was furrowed with sorrow and care, a fanatic shot him down. Fortunately, no Southern leader was implicated in the plot, and now that he is dead, it is idle to speculate as to what would have been the course of the country had he lived.

Dr. Charles Levermore, at Public School No. 147.

"I shall speak of Abraham Lincoln, not as a party leader, not as a statesman, but as a man. I shall try to show him as he is revealed in the published memories of his friends. Rightly precious is every scrap of reminiscence of that wonderful personality, a true saint of the modern time. He was the first American to rise to the first rank in the love of mankind. Washington wears a similar crown of universal admiration, but he was born an English country gentleman and lived as such until he was a middle-aged man. Ben Franklin was a representative Yankee who became a world-hero, but he also was a provincial Englishman until he was on the verge of old age. Andrew Jackson was as typical an American as Lincoln, but he never reached Lincoln's height of ability or fame. Abraham Lincoln alone is, as Lowell hailed him, the 'first American.'

"Lincoln was in lineage as in character the sum of all the generations of the American democracy. As he said, 'The Lord must love the common people, for He makes so many of them.' The Lincolns were plainly among those whom the Lord loved. They settled first in Massachusetts early in the seventeenth century, and then wandered southward first to New Jersey, then to Pennsylvania, afterward to Virginia and finally with Daniel Boone to Kentucky. They were farmers, millers and blacksmiths. They absorbed some Quaker blood. They were so illiterate that their name was sometimes battered out of shape into 'Linkhorn.' In Virginia and Kentucky they were poor whites, owning no slaves and little land. Mr. Lincoln says that one of the reasons for his father's removal from Kentucky to Indiana in 1816, and afterward to Illinois was to escape from the neighborhood of slavery and to live among free laborers. This history of a leisurely family migration illustrates the slow formation of a new American type, 'new birth of our new soil.' It was a Yankee stock, with an admixture of Quaker sympathy of Scotch-Irish intensity and of the freedom and audacity of the frontiersmen of the Alleghany Mountains and of the broad Western plains."

The speaker then discussed the various elements of Lincoln's personality, illustrating in turn his honesty and truthfulness, his sense of justice, his courage, his freedom from affectation, his gradual education and the mistakes which proceeded from his lack of knowledge of the world, his gentleness and patience—sometimes carried too far for the welfare of his party and the nation; his underlying strength of will and character, his deep sympathies, his strongly religious nature, his skill in speech and in power of persuasion, his large fund of common sense, and his extraordinary gift of humor. The concluding paragraph of the address is as follows:

"Lincoln was killed by a dissolute fanatical egotist. From that time until now the world has been rearing monuments

to Lincoln. It will continue to build them. He towers above all his contemporaries as the hero of our struggle against slavery. He is the man, above all others, who preserved the unity of this nation and made it really free. He was the only Republican party leader who understood the issues and the outcome of the Civil War. He was the only Northern statesman capable of being the balance wheel for his section in the perilous moment of victory. He was the best friend that the prostrate South has. His death brought upon the nation the horrors of the Reconstruction policies of Wade, Stevens and Sumner, miseries worse than those of the war. Many men win fame by eminence in a single quality. This man was rich in all the qualities that exalt one to leadership. Power of every kind and tender-hearted sympathy, boundless patience and gentleness and illimitable hope and courage, skill in persuasion and a rugged honesty, an indomitable will and an invincible modesty, audacious humor and shrewd practical common sense, an easy tolerance of censure and an abiding faith in the justice and love of God, all these couplets of virtues—any one of which would have sufficed to elevate him above his fellows—Abraham Lincoln showed forth in his daily life. He was as many-sided as our race itself: he was an epitome of the race. Everyone knows Lincoln's features and yet no one picture of Lincoln looks exactly like another. Each picture conveys its own revelation. His strongly molded features were so eloquent of the changing moods of his mighty nature."

James McKeen, at Erasmus Hall, Brooklyn.

"At this distance of time, 100 years after the birth of Lincoln, 45 years after his tragic and untimely death, Lincoln towers above his great contemporaries. By common consent of former friends and former foes, he is hailed as the distinctive American of the nineteenth century. At the outset, proper humility impels a paraphrase of what he said of the heroic dead at Gettysburg. It matters little to him what we may say here. It is we who may gain courage and inspiration from the contemplation of his career.

"It is almost impossible for those whose personal recollection does not extend back into the decade which preceded the Civil War to realize how the slavery question completely dominated our national politics. It is difficult to realize the peril of the political situation.

"With all his detestation of slavery, Lincoln had inherited from Webster and Clay and the old Whig school an enthusiasm for the Union. He felt with them that the preservation of the Union was indispensable to the salvation of free government in America; that no political evil would be so great as the dissolution of the Union.

"During the summer of 1862, the New York Tribune and the Independent, the latter then edited by Mr. Beecher, were drastic in condemning the President for not emancipating the slaves. Late in that summer, Mr. Beecher, then residing on Columbia heights, near Orange street, received a message, inquiring if he would surely be at home that evening; that, if so, a man from Washington would call to see him on a matter of some importance. It proved to be a very rainy and cheerless night. Mr. Beecher's bell rang and he went to the door himself, where a tall man stood alone, wrapped in a cloak. It proved to be President Lincoln. Mr. Beecher ushered him into his study. The President said that he keenly felt the criticism of the Tribune and of the Independent, considering their editors to be two of the men most potent in guiding public opinion; that he had himself some

time since come to the conclusion that the continuance of the rebellion justified emancipation as a war measure, but that it would be inexpedient to resort to it until the Union Army should achieve some marked success; otherwise it would be construed as a cry of despair. He then drew from his pocket a manuscript which he submitted to Mr. Beecher, asking suggestions, and Mr. Beecher made several. After some further discussion, Mr. Lincoln went off alone into the darkness and rain, having requested Mr. Beecher to regard his call as one of strict confidence. Mr. Beecher respected the confidence and never mentioned this interesting call to any one until shortly before his own death, when he told Major Pond about it. When a few years ago this story became public it seemed incredible that such a visit could have been made. How could a man of Lincoln's figure and appearance possibly make a secret journey from Washington to and from Brooklyn without recognition? Shortly after the visit came the victory of Antietam, immediately followed by the issue of the proclamation of emancipation. Among Mr. Beecher's papers was found a telegram of that date from President Lincoln, saying: "You see, I have adopted your suggestions." The files of the Independent and of the Tribune show a marked change in the character of their criticism. The Rev. Dr. Hillis informed me recently that after investigation, John Hay assured him that there is no doubt that the visit was made exactly as reported by Mr. Beecher. It is thought probable that Mr. Lincoln came to New York Harbor in a gunboat, while supposed to be taking one of his accustomed trips for rest down the Potomac.

"We cherish Lincoln's memory to-day in the happy consciousness that we live no longer in a country half slave and half free, but in a country which is all free. We have realized what was once a dream, an indissoluble Union of indestructible states."

Professor Franklin W. Russell, at Public School No. 148.

"To-night we celebrate the incomparable services and resplendent patriotism of Abraham Lincoln. A mass of myth is fast obscuring the true and simple story of what he did. Popular legend, filling in the gaps of history, has told of his frontier life, and of his ups and downs as a flatboatman and rail splitter. Partisan zeal discovered and exhibited the very rails that he is said to have split.

"Lincoln believed in himself, and eagerly sought the highest office. Napoleon no more desperately followed the star of his destiny than Lincoln believed in his own divine call to the service of his country, in a task which he reckoned to be greater than Washington's, and which we now recognize as such.

"Poetry, eloquence and art will proclaim Lincoln as the great emancipator of four million slaves. As such he will always be remembered. But in truth he never was an abolitionist of the type of Phillips and Garrison. His paramount object was to save the Union.

"Lincoln's rank as a popular orator is the highest in the annals of American eloquence. His second inaugural address and his oration on the battlefield of Gettysburg reach the sublimest elevation of human speech. He had moral earnestness as well, and the spirit of a hero and martyr.

"Lincoln was a son of the common people. His origin was humble, his fortune was long in coming, his poverty was sharp and his schooling was limited to twelve months. No family was ennobled by his achievements; no university was honored by his record of glory; no church, with narrower walls and narrower creed, claims him in the fellowship of her blind

voluntaries. His human frailties are forgotten in the memory of his martyrdom; and to-night we gladly rehearse those heroic myths that do no harm, but only prompt us to seize great virtues, and hold them fast in flesh and blood where all the young and old can see and hear and think, and then go out to do great deeds.

"The transcendent genius of Lincoln, while the gift of God, was developed by the activities of his unique career, and displayed in scenes that can never be re-enacted in human history. A child of poverty, he reached the highest station among the sons of men. Without the culture of the schools, he found his best equipment for the most arduous of labors in the discipline of experience. His fame is imperishable while liberty lasts, and the glory of his life is the most glorious page in the annals of the Republic."

Professor Franklin H. Giddings, at Eastern District High School.

"There is no record of any such tribute to any one man in the whole history of the world as that which has been paid to-day to the people of the United States and by people of other nations, to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

"There is no longer any question in the minds, either of average men or of scholars, that Lincoln was, all in all, the greatest American thus far, and one of the greatest figures in human history.

"The myth-making habit of mankind always busied itself with a great personage after his death. By a process imperceptible, and largely unconscious, there is created a picture of such a man and a story of his exploits which has perhaps a core of truth, but which, in the main, is unreal and unhistoric; a story and a picture which neither the man himself, nor his intimate acquaintances in life, could easily have recognized.

"This myth-making habit could not fail to make free with the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, and from the day of his assassination until twenty years or so ago, it had been constructing a Lincoln in many ways different from the actual man. But, more recently, another process has been going on: The patient investigation of critical historical scholarship. To no great character has research been more remorselessly applied than of late it has been to Lincoln; and it is certain that to-day our knowledge of that wonderful man is probably on the whole more accurate, more detailed, more true to the life in every particular, than is our knowledge of any other important individual in our national history. The picture and the story of Lincoln that will from this time on descend to posterity will be not myth, but truth.

"Of the many aspects of Lincoln's greatness, that one which, from this time forward, will probably receive increasing attention, and will seem to the American people to be most significant, we discover, I think, in the peculiar quality, reach and power of his democratic convictions. The man of democratic professions, whose platform and activities are readily explained by the character of his own political opportunities, we all are well acquainted with. The theoretical or philosophical democrat, also, has played in our history a large and beneficent part. Such a man was Thomas Jefferson, who, more clearly than any other of our political leaders set forth in his writings and speeches the principles, limitations and alluring promises of a democratic form of political society. Abraham Lincoln was democratic, not as a political opportunist, nor merely as a keen, intelligent and broad-minded political philosopher; al-

though he was both political philosopher and political opportunist in the best sense of the words. At bottom, his democracy was an understanding of the common people, of what they are, of how they feel, of what they know, of what they are able to do, of their common sense and their sense of right, which has never been equaled or perhaps approached by any other public man in the modern or the ancient world.

"In a memorable speech which Mr. Lincoln made at Independence Hall in Philadelphia just before the storm of the Rebellion burst, he said: 'I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence.' It has been fashionable in recent years to speak slightly of the Declaration as impractical and academic; to say that the people, after all, are not by nature free and equal, and that they make bad work of trying to govern themselves in a democratic way. Abraham Lincoln never for one moment ceased to believe in the competence of the people, or in their continuing political success. From what did this confidence spring? The answer which we have to make to-day, after fifty years of questioning and research, clearly is this: The first and formative half of Lincoln's life was passed among people of the very humblest origin, the most pinching poverty, the most deprived of all the resources and advantages of civilization. Yet those people, as Lincoln knew, because he understood and loved them as only those who have fought the struggle for existence together can love and understand, were fully able to care for themselves, to shape their institutions, to make their laws, and to decide the gravest questions that can confront a nation, on grounds of good sense, sobriety and right. And if those humble folk could do these things, then any men, anywhere, and at any time, can do them."

Hugo Hirsh, at Public School No. 150.

"No one ever knew Lincoln but was the better for knowing him; no one came to him for advice but left him comforted and stronger; no client ever came to him for counsel but knew that the fee alone never tempted him in a cause, but that justice and his love for it and its due administration were the controlling features in his acceptance of a retainer. And when our country needed counsel and advice, when it was in the very throes of secession and division, when it needed a leader who was strong, honest and unselfish, who could withstand the flatteries of the sympathizer and did not fear the curses of his opponents, and when the question of the continued slavery or the freedom of four million people became, as it was bound to become, the main issue of a strife which cost unnumbered lives—then, then Lincoln gave himself.

"Neither the partisanship nor the trickery of politics could or did affect him. Once he knew he was right he trod the path. Sometimes he trod it alone. But whether he was alone or with others there was no deviation from the path as hewed out or marked out by him. His friends advised with him and warned him; his enemies openly threatened him and the press cartooned him. But he went ahead doing his duty as he saw it.

"He possessed the power of convincing men. His was the eloquence of the born orator. Unattractive and ungainly in appearance—high cheek bones, deep set eyes, thick touseled hair and mostly legs—uneducated, uncultured, uncouth and unrefined, the odor of the farm and the midnight oil blending about him, yet

there was a force, a brilliancy and intensity about his style and method of oratory which brought men to their feet in their fever of enthusiasm for and agreement with him.

"While the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation was the 'central act' of Lincoln's administration—an act by which with a single stroke of the pen, as it were, the shackles were broken from the wrists of four million slaves—it was not what might be termed a characteristic Lincoln act. Lincoln's character is shown in his strength, his firmness, his stability, his patriotic desire to save the Union.

"He would like to have done this without interfering with the question of slavery. He would have been glad to do this without interfering with the rights of the individual or of the states. He sought to do this in peace. He sought to argue the question as brother to brother.

"He was a lover of peace, and the war saddened him. Yet saddened and discouraged, criticised, maligned and cartooned as he was, he inspired a heart-sick and overburdened people by his own indomitable energy and courage.

"So it is good to meet together in the school houses of our city, on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, and remind the youth of our country of the life and character, of the strength, the wisdom and the courage of the man, poor and unlettered, who became the great hero and patriot of a nation and the savior of the Union; whose life and living was an inspiration, and who died the death of the martyr."

Mgr. E. W. McCarty, at Public School No. 118.

"Fifty years ago these United States were not so closely knit as they are to-day. State sovereignty was stoutly asserted and not denied. The right of a state to withdraw from the Union had not been passed upon. Now the amalgamation of the various nationalities; mutual commercial interests; the hammering together of the elements that time has done; the welding together of the states in the Vulcan forge of war has produced a oneness that did not exist then. A special line of demarcation was rather sharply drawn between the North and the South.

"There were two political parties—the Democrats and the Whigs. The issue between them was the right to extend slavery into new states and territories. The states were half slave and half free. It was a struggle between the written law, which rather favored it, and the law of humanity, which forbade it. The whole country was in a volcanic condition. The Congress was bitterly divided. No man could foresee the outcome.

"It has always seemed to me that America is God's favorite among the nations. He did not fail us in this hour of deadly peril. He raised up a mighty man, splendidly equipped to guide us safely through the awful crisis.

"Conditions called for a man who was big enough to be an American without being sectional; a man brainy enough to charm and lead the leaders of the land; a man with a heart big enough to sympathize with and to love every man, woman and child, white and black, North and South; a man with principles of law, justice, honesty and morality that were fixed and inflexible; a man who would hold fast to these principles with the gentleness of a child, but with the courage of a hero; a man of infinite patience and of masterly prudence; a man who could be self-contained in the midst of warring passions and events; a man of sterling and unselfish patriotism, who knew and loved the Constitution and who would gladly give his life rather than permit the least of the stars

to be torn from our flag. Such a man was Abraham Lincoln.

"America's friend, the God of nations, prepared him for the task. The schooling was long and hard, but effective."

"Unlike other great men," said Mgr. McCarty, in conclusion, "Lincoln was a peculiar mixture of the lofty and the commonplace. Lion-like in courage, lamb-like in gentleness. An uncouth frontiersman in manner and speech today, to-morrow at expert statesman handling quite easily complex problems of national importance. Sometimes with ready wit and flippant manner, seeming to forget the dignity and responsibility of his office; again rising majestically to some occasion in words exact and clean cut as a cameo; in sentences short, crisp and pulsating with feeling he gave forth creations of his gifted mind that were models in language, gems of patriotism, masterpieces of political sagacity that will last as long as the Republic endures. Unhandsome in appearance, ungainly in action, unconventional in dress, unpolished in manners, he was nobleness itself in character, glorious in his simplicity. His great big heart was filled with golden goodness and his kingly head with natural genius.

"Down on the bank of the Potomac there rises a shaft of marble, tall and plain and white. It indicates the lofty, simple and spotless character of the father of our country. Let us build another one on the other side of the river just as tall, just as plain, just as white, in honor of Lincoln, the preserver of our country. Though unlike in birth and training, each loved his country better than he loved himself; both were ideal Americans, both were noblemen of nature."

The Rev. Caleb S. S. Dutton, at Public School No. 145.

"His life was one of great difficulties greatly overcome, yet the fact which remains most impressive of all perhaps, is the unobtrusiveness, the docility, of a personality so complex and powerful. The mainspring of his power, and the truest evidence of his greatness lay in his 'wise passiveness' coupled with the nobility of his aims, the fervor of his convictions, the stainless rectitude which guided his action and won for him the confidence of the people. Without these things neither the vigor of his intellect nor the firmness of his will would have availed. Thus he stands before us all—ever devoted to justice!

"With a wit and irony which can hardly be matched, he possessed a heart capable of unutterable sadness. Dauntless as a lion, he had the tenderness of a Saviour. An unconquerable foe to wrong, he was patient like a god. What meaning is in that grave, lofty face, seamed by care, shadowed by fate, with deep fathomless eyes as if containing an unrevealed meaning! Gaunt and angular as a mountain, yet with a delicacy of sentiment and the ability to discern motives and all the subtle operations of the human spirit. Ungainly, but with the rare power of attracting all men toward him. A partisan, but always able to see the other side of things—and could state his adversary's position better than could he himself. Uneducated in the schools, but knowing well that for which the schools exist, namely, to refine the intellect and purify the heart, so that they may read and understand the great ethical laws and obey them as a revelation of the Most High. Like a fire bell in the night, he roused his countrymen from their sleep by his speech against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He knew that he was speaking, not on behalf of the party, but in the name of all the peoples in the world who hope for liberty.

"A Republican, he had no leanings to-

ward empire. Without a touch of courtly fashion, his simple, free, unadorned manner made the pomp of emperors seem ridiculous. Devoid of the artificial graces of speech, yet by his own natural methods he went straight to the heart of things, and thus reached heights of eloquence which cannot be surpassed. At Gettysburg his few sentences made the ornate address of the orator who preceded him seem pale and unreal by comparison, and they have become a part of the classics of our English speech. Strong, fearless, patient he kept his hand on the helm of the Republic; and, when, like a bruised and battered ship it emerged from the awful storm in which for four years it had struggled, and when the port was almost reached, he was suddenly summoned elsewhere. Abraham Lincoln! While memory lasts can we forget him? Nay! can a hundred ages dim the luster of his fame?

"The courtesy due to such men as Washington and Lincoln is obedience to the principles enthroned in their lives. On their birthdays we should study deeply that which constitutes the true glory of this nation. The clamors of national and class interests should be silenced by the deep, solemn music of human welfare. They should be sacramental days for this country. On them we should vow new allegiance to the principles on which this nation was founded—and which alone gave it a reason for being instituted among the nations of the earth.

"We do well to recall these men in the nation's history who cared more for the country's honor than for its wealth, and exalted human liberty and fraternity above power and conquest. Their almost spotless honor, their self-denial, their devotion to the rights of mankind, and their trust in humanity and in God, make them a standing example of the kind of citizenship needed in a republic. We need many more like them. A few will not do. There should be many whose minds are not dazzled by wealth or office. Men who will resolve as Washington resolved, to make this nation an example to mankind of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence; men who will feel with Lincoln that this democracy is the last, best hope of man; men whose patriotism is one with religion.

"May the great God send many such patriots who will guide this great country in safety through all the perils which beset it; who will make its future worthy of its past! And what a past it is! And in that background the grandest figure of all is Abraham Lincoln, 'the kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man' with 'a heart too great to harbor a wrong,' his life dominated by one supreme ambition—'die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower—when I thought a flower would grow.' Thus he stands up before us all; and our humanity is dignified because he was one of us; and we know that the note of greatness we feel in his thinking and his speech and his conduct had its source in the loftiness and purity of his character. He made a complex nature one by devotion to justice; and that devotion led him on from conquest to conquest, till all the power of the Infinite Justice became his strength and stay."

The Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, at Public School No. 155.

"Abraham Lincoln was a providential man. In the presence of this human engine it is impossible for any one who believes in God and in His direction of the affairs of men and nations not to be convinced that here was a man divinely appointed and trained for this particular occasion. His nomination for the presidency was a surprise to the country. For the convention to select the awkward, un-

educated 'rail-splitter' of Illinois instead of Seward, the scholar and the statesman, seemed to shake public confidence in popular government. But God inspired that nomination, as God had been training for the critical hour the man who would meet the situation. And the man measured up to the situation, as God's men always do. Lincoln had that subtle sympathy with men and things which we call genius. His unostentatious personal use of power, his reasoning and reasonable moderation of speech, his forbearance, patience and charity of judgment, his avoidance of passion and excitement, his dislike of radical or extreme measures, when they were not necessary, his keen penetration, his broad vision, his firm grip on essential principles and his great common sense equipped him well for his mighty work.

Lincoln was unselfishly devoted to interests not his own. He had no private ends to achieve. There was no trace of sordidness in his character or conduct. He was at all times a poor man. His life objects were not personal. They were large and national.

In him was no littleness at all. Rebuked and reviled as few men have been, let it be said, and it may be said of no other man in human history, that this pensive, patient, humble, honest, fair and dispassionate man never spoke in bitterness of any foe, never cherished a single

grudge, never maintained a moment's malice and never indulged himself in the slightest passion.

In the firmament of his unflinching faith were two lights which guided his course through public life—the presence of God and the prescience of the people. He had faith in God. Through his great soul broad and deep currents of religious sentiment swept with strong and resistless force. The one primal reality in his thought was God. He had a deep sense of dependence upon God as the supreme ruler of life both individual and national. He ever confessed this dependence and always sought to be on God's side.

He had confidence in the people. He lived in fellowship with the Eternal and at the same time he lived close to the great pulse-beat and heart-throb of the common people with whose every voice his heart was attuned and with wondrous prescience of majestic seasons his own great, melancholy spirit moved in perfect accord.

Being a man of the people he was all people's man. If there was nothing of the aristocrat about him, so there was nothing of the demagogue. He valued a man as a man and the incidental or accidental conditions of wealth or poverty, position or obscurity, learning or its lack did not influence him. He was the incarnation of the finest ideals of Americanism

and became their expression in a regency and completeness as no other man has shown.

Sympathy was the basic element in the fiber of his being. In the great purpose of his life he was a man of grim determination, firm-fibered as oak. In the presence of duty he was stern and austere; but was gentle and tender as a mother with her child in the presence of want or sorrow or suffering. No matter how worn with the cares of his great office, the President was always ready to give patient hearing to the poor mother who was pleading for her son's life. If there was any weakness in his administration it developed on the side of sympathy, for among the mysterious splendors of this man were the energies of a giant and the tenderness of a woman. A large-hearted gentleness exhaled from him like an aroma as life carried him from cabin to capitol, from capitol to camp and from camp to coronation.

I have not attempted any explanation of Abraham Lincoln. He defies explanation. His ancestry did not create him. His environment did not make him. The church did not fashion him. The schools did not equip him. He was what he was. This isolates him. He cannot be classified, because he was the only one of his class or kind. He was Abraham Lincoln."

The Letter to Mrs. Bixby

Executive Mansion,

Washington, November 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.:

Dear Madam—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the adjutant general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot re-

frain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln

A SERMON PREACHED IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, FEBRUARY 14, 1909, BY THE
REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

We are here to celebrate the centennial of the martyred President, who helped us nobly save the last, best hope of earth, by giving liberty to the slaves, that he might assure freedom to the free. Take him all in all, Abraham Lincoln is the greatest thing this republic has produced. Indeed, history tells of no child who passed from a cradle so humble to a grave so illustrious. The institutions of the Republic were founded for the manufacture of a good quality of soul. In the presence of the great men of the world we can point with pride to Lincoln, saying, "This is the kind of man the institutions of the Republic can produce."

For Lincoln's most striking characteristic was his Americanism. At best, Washington was a patrician, the product of aristocratic institutions, so that England claimed him. Washington was the richest man of his era, his home an old manor house, his estate wide ancestral acres, his relative an English baronet, his brother the child of Oxford University. The root was planted in English soil, though it fruited under American skies. But Americanism is the very essence of Lincoln's thoughts, Lincoln's enthusiasm, Lincoln's speeches, Lincoln's character. One of the golden words of the Republic is the word "opportunity." All the highways that lead to office, land and honor must be open unto all young feet. A banker's son may climb to the governor's mansion, or the White House, but so may the washerwoman's. The widow's son practices eloquence in the cornfields of Virginia, but he has ability and patriotism, and we bring Henry Clay to the Senate chamber. A child out in Ohio goes barefooted over the October grass, driving an old red cow to the barn lot, and we bring McKinley to the White House.

Yonder stands the Temple of Fame, with a door that is open by day and by night, and a tall, thin, sallow boy turns his back upon a log cabin in Illinois and knocks for entrance at the Temple of Fame, and lo, the angel at the threshold asks hard questions, "Can you eat crusts? Can you wear rags? Can you sleep in a garret? Can you endure sleepless nights and days of toil? Can you bear up against every wind that assails your bark? Can you live for liberty and God's truth, and can you die for them?" And that boy bowed his assent. Washington climbed hand over hand up the golden rounds of the ladder of success, Lincoln built the ladder up which he climbed out of rags which his own hands had split. Like his Divine Master, he touched two or three crusts and turned them into bread for the hungry multitudes. His little log cabin shames our palaces, his three books eclipse our libraries, his six months in a log school house were more than equal to our eight years in lecture hall and library. His fidelity to the great convictions shames our shifting politicians. For fifty years he walked for-

ward under clouded skies. Like Dante, he held heartbreak at bay. During one brief epoch only did his sun clear itself of clouds. He died without recognition or reward. In retrospect he stands forth the saddest and sweetest, the strongest and gentlest, the most picturesque and the most pathetic figure in our history. The Saviour of the world was born in a stable and cradled in a manger, and went by the Via Dolorosa toward the world's throne. Not otherwise Abraham Lincoln was born in a cabin, more suited for herds and flocks than for a young mother and a little child; and by the way of poverty and adversity the great emancipator traveled toward his throne of influence and world supremacy.

An Era of Great Men.

History holds a few deeds so great that they can be done but once. There are some laws, some reforms and some liberties that once achieved are always achieved. Thus, an Italian discovered this new continent, but his achievement reduced all the other explorers to the level of imitators. Thus Isaac Newton discovered gravity, and in a moment every other astronomer became a pupil and a disciple. There never can be but one James Watt, for, though a thousand inventors improve his engine, their names are little tapers, shining over against the sun. The last century offered men of genius two signal opportunities, and there were a thousand eager aspirants for the honor. Charles Darwin discovered the golden key that unlocked the kingdom of nature and life, and carried off all the honors of science. Abraham Lincoln, in an hour when some would meanly lose it, planned to nobly save the Union, and emancipated three million slaves, and carried off the honors in the realm of reform and liberty. How great was the work he did, and how supreme was the man himself, we can best understand by comparison and contrast. Among small men it is easy to be great—in Patagonia, where everybody eats blubber.

Anybody can be a giant in heroism and reform among Hottentots and South Sea savages. But the era of the Civil War was an era of giants. Great men walked in regiments up and down the land. It was the age of Daniel Webster, whose genius is so wonderful that he achieved the four supreme things of four realms, the greatest legal argument we have, the Dartmouth College case; the greatest plea before a judge and jury, the White murder case; our finest outburst of inspirational eloquence, the oration at Bunker Hill; the greatest argument in defense of the Constitution, his reply to Hayne. For two hours Lyman Beecher sat reading Webster's reply to the eloquent Southerner. "What do you think of it, Dr. Beecher?" "What do I think of it?" exclaimed Lyman Beecher, springing to his feet, lifting the paper in his hand, "I think it is a red hot cannon ball, going through a bucketful of eggshells." It was the age of John C. Calhoun, a lo-

gician, who could prove to the faculty of Yale College that shad grew on apple trees.

It was the era of Seward, the all-round scholar, of Chase the greatest secretary of treasury since Alexander Hamilton, who struck the rock with the rod of his genius, and made the waters of finance flow forth from the desert. It was the age of our greatest orators, for Wendell Phillips and Beecher were at their best. It was the era of Emerson, the philosopher; of Theodore Parker, the reformer; of Garrison, the abolitionist; of Lovejoy the martyr; of Lowell and Whittier, the poets of freedom; of Greeley, the editor, it was also the age of our greatest soldiers, Grant and Sherman, and Sheridan and Lee. The great man is a form of fruit ripened in an atmosphere made warm and genial, and the climate that nurtured Lincoln's genius unfolded the talents that represented other forms of mental fruit. Among these men Lincoln lived and wrote and spoke, and suffered and died, and he stands forth a master among men, one of the five supreme statesmen of all history.

The Cause of the Great Conflict.

Now if we are to understand the unique place of Abraham Lincoln in our history we must think for a moment of the men who set the battle lines in array. Unfortunately, most of our histories tell our children and youth that the Civil War raged about the slave. As a matter of fact, slavery was the occasion of the war, but not the cause. Slavery was the sulphur match that exploded the powder magazine, though the powder magazine could have been set off by a spark from the flint and steel, or a hundred other methods. The Civil War was really fought over the question whether a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are equal could permanently endure. The whole period from 1789 to 1865 was a critical period, during which the Constitution was being tested and tried out.

During this testing many forms of secession were planned, and several rebellions actually took place. In 1787 there was a rebellion under Shay, over the question of taxation. In 1830 to 1835 there was a secession movement on in South Carolina, and President Jackson put down that rebellion over the tariff. Then Daniel Webster marked out the final lines of battle. Webster fired the first shot of the war, whose last shot was fired at Appomattox. Webster carried the flag that Grant followed at Vicksburg, and shook out the folds of the banner that was crimsoned with blood at Gettysburg. It was Webster's banner that Major Anderson pulled down at Fort Sumter, under the stress of fire, and it was Webster's banner that, four years later to an hour, the same General Anderson pulled up on the same flagstaff, the same flag at the same Fort Sumter. During the thirties and the forties, the conflict was a conflict of words and editorial arguments.

between men like Calhoun, and Garrison and Phillips. Later, the conflict took on the form of a guerilla warfare, and here and there leaders like Lovejoy were martyred. Later, the strife entered into politics, and Douglas and Lincoln struggled for the supremacy of their principles.

At length the conflict entered the church, and the American Tract Society, to hold the gifts of slave owners, forbade the distributions of Testaments to slaves, while the Bishop of New Jersey destroyed an edition of the Prayer Book because it contained a picture of Ary Scheffer's picture of "Christ the Emancipator," who was engaged in bringing slaves out of their dungeons. The bishop was quite willing that Christ should open the eyes of the blind, make the deaf to hear and the lame to walk, but as for Jesus freeing the slaves—well, that was too much. So he destroyed the edition and had a new plate made, in which Jesus was peeled of His power to free slaves. The whole land rocked with excitement. Liberty and Slavery, like two giants, grappled for the death struggle. Soon God anointed men with the ointment of war, black and sulphurous. In such an era God raised up Abraham Lincoln, to lead the people out of the wilderness, and into the Promised Land of Union and of Peace.

Lincoln's Early Surroundings.

Never was a candidate for universal fame born under so unfriendly a sky. His annals are "the short and simple annals of the poor." His home was a log cabin that had but three sides, the fourth one being a buffalo robe, swaying to and fro in the wind. When the biting wind of poverty became unbearable in Kentucky, the scant possessions were loaded upon a horse, carried across the Ohio, and the child walked barefooted through the forests of Indiana, where a new shack was built in the wilderness. There the Lincoln's angel mother sickened and died—that mother to whom Lincoln said he owed all that he was or hoped to be. Then when the winter of poverty and discontent settled down blacker than ever, the father removed to another state, where the mud was deeper, and the winters colder, where nature was less propitious. Lying on his face, before blazing logs, the boy committed to memory the four Gospels, "Aesop's Fables," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." At nineteen he went to New Orleans, and standing in the slave market saw a young girl sold at public auction, and told his brother, Dennis Hanks, that if he ever had a chance he would hit slavery the hardest blow he could.

At twenty he split 1,200 rails for a farmer, whose wife wove for him three yards of cloth, dyed in walnut juice, with which he had a new suit of clothes. He started a little store, failed in business, became a surveyor, bought a copy of the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence; was made postmaster; several years later returned to the government agent the exact silver quarters and copper cents that he had kept tied up in a bag, because the identical coins must be returned to the government; entered upon his debate with Stephen Douglas; delivered the "house divided against itself cannot stand" speech; made the issue between liberty and slavery so clear that a wayfaring man, though a fool, could not misunderstand; declared that if slavery was not wrong, there was nothing that was wrong; came to be looked upon as the one man who each year would coin the happy phrase and the rhythmical watchword that would be taken upon the lips of 30,000,000 of people; was made the leader of the new "party of freedom"; with infinite skill and patience, entered upon the task of proving that he was the strongest man in his Cabinet, the strongest man in the North, the strongest man in the country,

and the only man who had the last fact in the case, and therefore had the right to rule. Seward began by delicately hinting to Lincoln that if he felt himself unequal to the Presidency, he could resign, and that he, Seward, would not evade the responsibility.

Lincoln answered by reading Seward's statement of a possible measure, and then placing beside it a statement of his own that reduced Seward to the level of a schoolboy standing up beside a giant. Then Stanton entered the lists as competitor, and quietly Lincoln asserted himself until Stanton's attitude became one of almost reverent worship, as he said of Lincoln, "Henceforth he belongs with the immortals." Then Greeley put in his claim for supremacy, and after Lincoln had published his answer, to Horace Greeley, in lines as clear as crystal, and in words as gentle as sunbeams, not a man in the land but saw that Lincoln was intellectually head and shoulders above Horace Greeley. One by one and step by step he ascended the hills of difficulty. Round by round he climbed the ladder of fame. And now comes this day and week of celebration, when all the wheels are still, and all the stores and factories are silent, when eighty millions of people are gathered into one vast audience chamber, when one name is upon all lips—the name of Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator of the slaves, the acknowledged master of men, who gave liberty to the slaves that he might assure freedom to the free.

Lincoln's Ancestral Making.

Thoughtless writers have talked Lincoln's ancestry down, and careless biographers have defamed him. Superficial students speak of him as a miracle, and say that his genius is surrounded with silence and mystery. But all that Abraham Lincoln was he had at the hands of his fathers and his mothers. Although their greatness was latent, his parents had as much ability in their way as their distinguished son had in his way. How do I know? Because when God wants to call a strong man He begins by calling his father and mother. There never was a great man who did not have a great ancestry, even though the greatness may have been latent and unconscious. Every strong man stands up on the shoulders of his ancestors. When you start for the top of Pike's Peak you start at Omaha. When you reach Denver you are six thousand feet in the air, and Pike's Peak is shouldered up on the foothills. Socrates is a great teacher, but look at Sphoroniscus, the sculptor, his father. Paganini is a great musician, but Paganini was born of musicians whose wrists had muscles that stood out like whipcords.

Bach is a great musician, but there were forty people of the name of Bach mentioned in musical dictionaries. Charles Darwin is the great scientist, but there were four generations of scientists who had made ready for Darwin, just as there were seven generations of scholars that culminated in Emerson. And standing in the shadow behind Abraham Lincoln are half a dozen generations of men and women who handed forward to him a perfect logic engine, a sound mind, in a sound body; a mental instrument that worked without fever and without friction and without flaw. At the hands of Stradivarius one piece of apple wood is fashioned into a violin. If Stradivarius passes by the other board because he has not time, let no man say the board that was undeveloped was not full of latent music. The Divine Artist and Architect shaped Abraham Lincoln's nature into a world instrument, but the same quality and the stuff were in his father and mother, who lived and died a handful of blossoms that never fruited, and a bundle of roots that were never planted.

"Lincoln's father and mother were like

the crystal caves in their own Kentucky. Lecturing there recently I saw a cave of diamonds, newly discovered. One day a farmer plowing, thought the ground sounded hollow. Going to the barn, he brought a spade and opened up the aperture. Flinging down a rope, his friends let the explorer down, and when the torches were lighted, lo, a cave of amethysts and sapphires, and diamonds! For generations the cave had been undiscovered and the jewels unknown. Wild beasts had fed just above these flashing gems, and still more savage men had lived and fought and died there. And yet just beneath was this cave of flashing jewels. Oh, pathetic illustration of men who are big with talent, of women full of latent gifts, of fathers and mothers like Thomas Lincoln and his young wife, who struggle on without opportunity, who are denied their chance, who are imprisoned by poverty, and fettered by circumstance, who are like birds beating bloody wings against the bars of an iron cage, who die unfulfilled prophecies, and dying, transfer their ambitions to their gifted children, believing that their son shall behold what the father and mother must die without seeing. God worked no miracle in Abraham Lincoln.

There is a photograph of the signature of the grandfather upon a title deed in Culpepper County in Virginia. Now, place that signature side by side with the signature of Abraham Lincoln on the emancipation proclamation, and the strong sinewy sweep in the signature of the grandfather comes down and repeats itself in the strong sinewy sweep of the grandson. And perhaps the strong sinewy sentence comes down and repeats itself also, for all fine thinking stands with one foot on fine brain fiber. The time has come for men with a sharp knife and a hot iron to expunge from two or three of the otherwise best biographies of Abraham Lincoln these false, superficial and ignorant statements about his ancestry. Science, observation, experience, history and the facts all unite to tell us that whatever was great in its unfolding in the talent of Abraham Lincoln was great in the seed form in his father and mother.

His Unique Supremacy.

Where were the hidings of his power? Why is Lincoln revered above his fellows, the orators, the soldiers, and the statesmen and editors and secretaries of his time? A single contrast with the other great men who were his competitors for fame will make Lincoln's supremacy to stand forth as clear in outline as the mountains, and as bright as the stars. For example, Wendell Phillips was the agitator and orator of the abolitionists. Phillips said, "Emancipation is the essential thing. The Union secondary. If the Southern States will not emancipate the slaves, force them out of the Union." Horace Greeley was the editor of the war epoch. Greeley said, "Emancipation is first, the Union secondary."

"Let the erring sisters go." Beecher was the all-round man of genius. His great speech in England began with an exordium at Manchester; he stated the arguments at Edinburgh, Glasgow and Liverpool; he pronounced the peroration at Exeter Hall, in London, and no such peroration and eloquence has been heard since Demosthenes' philippic against the tyrant of Macedon. But Beecher's criticisms of Lincoln in the New York Independent during April and May of 1862 led Lincoln to explain after reading one of them, "Is Thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" If these men did not appreciate the national crisis, Lincoln understood it perfectly. Now, over against the editorials of Beecher and Horace Greeley and the lectures of Phillips, stands Lincoln, and to these three men he sent words addressed only to Horace Greeley, explaining to them

why the time had not come for the Emancipation Proclamation.

I would save the Union.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery.

If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it.

If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it.

And if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

I shall do less whenever I believe that what I am doing hurts the cause.

And I shall do more whenever I believe that doing more will help the Union.

How wonderfully does this publish the supremacy of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln saw clearly where others had an indistinct vision. As to gravity, Isaac Newton's vote outweighs all the other millions of men, and from the hour that Lincoln published this letter to Horace Greeley the people saw that Abraham Lincoln had the last fact in the case, saw the whole truth, saw it through and through. By sheer power, clarity of thought, strength of statement and fairness, Abraham Lincoln finally won over not only a lukewarm North, but a bitter South, until to-day he belongs to the eighty millions. If every Northerner should die, the brave and patriotic men of the South living now would defend everything for which Abraham Lincoln lived and died. For at last it is true of both North and South that the mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every liv-

ing heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nation.

Dr. Hillis then discussed the honesty and fidelity of Lincoln as the keynote of his character. He made a study of what the teachers named Suffering and Sorrow had accomplished in the way of making Lincoln sympathetic toward the slave, and illustrated that sympathy from various speeches of Lincoln. He also analyzed Lincoln's supreme literary achievements, and made a study of Lincoln's style in his second inaugural and the speech at Gettysburg. He analyzed Lincoln's wit and humor in relation to Cervantes, whose laughter scalds like tears. The conclusion of his address was a study of Lincoln as the man of sorrows, the most tragic figure of his time.

Abraham Lincoln—Acrostic Sonnet

Written at Richmond, Va., April, 1865, shortly after the murder of Mr. Lincoln.

And art thou gone in thy full bloom and glory,
 Brutally murdered by assassin's dastard hand?
 Rudely cut off when in truth and goodness hoary;
 A saint thou wert, and seemed, to our beloved land.
 Heaven hath gained a soul, and earth hath lost a life,
 A breath now finished and a sacred martyr made.
 Mighty wert thou, and true throughout the din and strife
 Lacerating our land with a rebellious blade.
 In all our darksome days, more hopeful none;
 Noting the streaks of light which sometimes lit our sky;
 Cordially cheering our men who lost or won
 On many a gory field where they would live or die.
 Lincoln, man of the people, art thou all our own?
 No, for the civilized world will seek thee to enthrone.

—Edward S. Creamer.

Abraham Lincoln

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, BY THE
PASTOR, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1909.

The man of whom I speak bade farewell to his friends and neighbors forty-eight years ago last Thursday. He was then within a few hours of his fifty-second birthday. As he stood on the car platform at Springfield, Ill., a tall, gaunt and homely figure, the eye of the most discerning man in the throng attending his departure could scarcely have detected his actual greatness or the destiny that awaited him. He was the President-elect of a divided and rancorous country. He was about to succeed a gentleman who, in that office, had allowed overbearing ministers of state to weaken and plunder the government. The Carolinas were active in secession. A general apathy had followed the excitement of the election of 1860. Many friends of the Union deprecated a vigorous and aggressive policy in its defense. A country decreed by Nature and by Providence a unity; a unity evidenced by rivers and mountains that laced and ribbed the landscapes from North to South, was divided and degraded by artificial barriers, by pride and ignorance, by caste and envy, and by the dehumanizing evils of slavery. What mind, however keen, could have read the fate of Lincoln on the chilly morning when winter's gloom covered the landscape and encircled his towering form? Moreover, he had but four years and a few weeks of life left for use. The problem was gigantic; the sands in the glass were running low; death's bony fingers were already entwined on the curtain that was to fall and dismiss him from the stage of earthly action. Those years were, indeed, few, but they were fateful. No human career has met more, or met it more nobly, than has this one. They were crowded with the havoc of war—a war whose shock was increased by all the fierceness of fratricidal strife. Men thronged the battlefield a thousand miles in length, a million and a half in number. Nearly half a million fell in death, due to wounds, disease and starvation. One hundred and fifty thousand households were left to mourn in the darkness arising from a father's, a brother's and a lover's grave. Great cities were ravaged, fruitful valleys were stripped to desolation, huge rivers ran with blood. The border states became an involuntary temple for this sacrifice. Never before or since, at least in modern times, has any nation been so torn, disrupted and convulsed. Pain and rage and righteous grief filled the clamant skies.

And emergent through this black, black night of war and suffering, the patient stooping pioneer form of Lincoln looms into view. Its darkness cannot hide him, for he is radiant. He trod the way of death with assurance of faith and consolation of love. Upon his shoulders, more than any man's, rested a government which he believed to be God's last best pledge of human welfare to the world. At that government men struck, heavily, struck sincerely, and struck to kill. It was in peril at home and abroad. Polite society in Europe scorned it because of its detested democracy. Commercial interests threatened it because they worshipped profits. Kings and diplomatists, whose nod meant war, awaited the halt; the stumbling of this man. Beset behind and before, with the real causes of the struggle concealed by both North and South for varying reasons, he plodded along his thorny path, putting caution against hope, that hope may not be premature, and hope against caution, that caution may not become despair.

Then came, in successive strokes of dramatic intensity, the victories in the West, where once more the Mississippi flowed unvexed to the sea; the slow retreat of the gallant Lee from the stubborn Meade at Gettysburg; the act that emancipated four million slaves; the crowning mercy of Appomattox; his last words of pacification; and the sovereign benison of just and mighty Death, which laid him on the purple altar of the state, its victor-victim and its high renowned prince—surely Homeric legends are here outdone.

Yet one must not be tempted to use undeserved superlatives, and I am warned concerning those fond devices, due to friendship's bias, that hurt our estimates. Still the unvarnished fact remains that all around this world to-day are increasing multitudes that no man can number, who will say with us that their knowledge of Abraham Lincoln is part of life's unalterable good. We celebrate this centennial with solemn joy; we are measurably reconciled to his awful taking off; we comfort ourselves, if comfort be needed, by the reflection that his memory is our proud and imperishable heritage. The sublime admixture of his character and gifts in the service of such a crisis of humanity will endure beyond any horizon which can be realized by America's imagination.

But behind our ranks of weeping and rejoicing citizenship, and heart to heart with us on this centennial anniversary, are men of many nations, and the wise

of all mankind. For our "happy warrior" who detested war has forever escaped the mists of prejudice and passion that concealed his meritorious person. His stately outlines have assumed their statuesque repose, and we see him now, and so does England, and so do English-speaking men and men of other tongues, as Stanton saw him when he covered the face of the holy dead, and murmured in his grief, "Now he belongs to the ages."

The enemy has uncapped to him in the gate. His devotees come from near and far. The voice of homage, heartfelt and spontaneous, is upraised beyond the widest seas. In that harvest of increase where the chosen few are permitted to reap, he has his bounty, and Time for this, her favored son, reverses the law of oblivion and declares that he being dead shall live, and that his name shall be glorious. With those elect and blessed ones who are called to stand in the Mount of Light, he ascends to undeniable, deserved and permanent renown.

Some will wonder why this verdict was left to later times, and that so few of Lincoln's contemporaries could rightly read his riddle. Was not the purest Man that ever lived crucified? How long did Copernicus or Cromwell wait for their due meed? I beseech you, beware of contemporary judgments. They lack perspective; they were too close to Lincoln to perceive his real proportions. Chase patronized him; Seward believed that he must superintend his Presidency; Greeley rolled huge obstructions born of egotism in his path. The unparalleled beauty and power of his state papers and notable speeches were characterized as drivel and childishness. The Gettysburg address, first of all utterances of the nineteenth century, was scarcely reported. Some prominent journals referred to it as "a few remarks" by the President. Here and there, and mainly among plain and simple men, he was valued at his approximate worth. But had he depended upon those who were the self-elected or accepted guides of opinion, he would have fared ill at intervals. These doubted, and so did his friends that Lincoln could be re-elected. He himself lost heart for a space. But the victories of the Union Army and the deep-seated trust of the people at large proved effectual. And once more the historian has to comment upon the delusive dreams of cliques and social pretenders, and upon the righteous movements of a sane and patriotic democracy.

Our curiosity and our affection make the study of Lincoln an imperative and a grateful task. He is ranked by common consent with Washington, the Virginian Squire and the Kentuckian woodsman make a

twin-star constellation, beaming forth on these after times in naked and deathless splendor.

Too much emphasis has been placed upon his poverty, for poverty is an angelic guardian of the nobler sort. If it curses, it blesses. It unlocks the springs of life, disciplines men's native powers, and in its stern school an impress is received that shapes for use and service. Nor was he so at all removed from Washington in blood. A shiftless father was but an eddy in the stream. His mother was an honorable woman, and her gift to us enshrines her in our spirit's deeps. The race to which he owed lineage had fruited off De Montfort, Cromwell, Pym and Pitt. It has always been prolific in parliamentary gifts, in constitutional liberty and the transforming capacities of political and social reform. Men of Lincoln's type and of Washington's type are at one in essentials; their differences are accidental. Pioneer risks had made a contrast between the log cabin on Rock Creek and Mount Vernon's comfortable residence, but it was a surface inkling—nothing more.

They served two distinct epochs in one national evolution. They brought to that service a common ancestry, a common language and a common law. Their instincts were alike—the conservative, reverent, obedient, and, in turn, commanding traits that stand forth in both were products of a physical and moral bond, oceans roll in vain to destroy, and the flight of ages strengthens into fortified habits of the mind. I have no doubt that apart from his constitutional melancholy, which needed the death of his mother to release it, Lincoln spent a happy boyhood in the grand amphitheater of natural and free environment around his humble home.

I disturb oratorical relations of these rural simplicities with diffidence. But let us see him as he was: of good blood, of pure and normal begetting; no fortuitous man, no providential fiat, but a magnificent and scientific product of racial supremacy—a supremacy that has transferred the scepter of the race from the Tiber to the Thames, and from the Nile to the Potomac. Nor was Lincoln an uneducated man. His philosophy was pregnant, if peculiar to himself. His intuitions were keen to interpret the mysteries of life and action. His style was equal to that of the contemporary poets and essayists, and superior to that of all his political associates. He did not read New England's literary leaders, but he devoured the Bible of the 1611 version, and he spent days and nights with Shakspeare. Wherein was he at loss? His wisdom was profound, and at times its prescience awes us. His magnanimities were simply vast. No man had a more catholic heart. The patience, the silence, the speech, the merciless thinking, the lucid exposition, the moral loftiness, the tender felicity of Lincoln's many-sided nature, should be held steadily beyond rail-splitting stories and allusions to his necktie. One greater than he drove the plane and fastened the nails at Nazareth. We are thankful for Truth's entrance at these lowly doors, but it is Truth we magnify, and not the door.

Ten years before he was elected President he was defeated and retired, a member of a falling party, whose day was over. But these were the silent years when he turned within himself, and when, freed from the intoxications and besetments of popular applause, he prepared his way toward the investment of Douglas.

For three sorts of thinking he had great facilities. He could think in analysis, and all the tricking out of the dish did not delude his incisive dealing with it. He could think in comprehension, and not only the North, but the true South, the South unseduced and virgin, had no greater interpreter than he. He could think in construction, though his attenu-

ated body fairly creaked as he labored to rebuild the house upon a sure foundation. Thinking analytically, thinking comprehensively, thinking sympathetically, thinking steeped in humanity, and shot through and through with charity's sovereign power—such thinking made the superiority of Lincoln in the debate that shook the continent, defeated the dearest hopes of the great leader of the Democratic party and finally gave Lincoln the prize that cost him his life. The Cooper Union speech was the masterly summarizing of twenty-five years of unclouded mentality. It was more; it was the interpretation of the conscience of the nation, when the fiend of gain was expelled.

But, in the interim before that painful casting out of the diabolical tenant, the very Union was put to hazard. And, much as Lincoln detested slavery, he loved the nation more. Against both frenzied Abolitionist and blinded Secessionist he held the ground that he must first save the ship and then adjust her cargoes. Here is the key that opens the doors in every winding of his policy. And in the first inaugural he never mentions slavery; he strikes the note that will vibrate to the doom—the note of the Union. In his second inaugural, after four long, weary, purgatorial years of cleansing fire and blood, he pronounces on the entire issue in words I dare not comment upon, and can but quote:

"The Almighty has His own purposes," he said. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

This address was placed by the leaders of England in the front of all political utterance. Yet in its presence, where the noblest magistrates have bowed in reverence, a flippant criticism offends us by querulously asserting that Lincoln was no genius. Whence came this power and gift of utterance? utterance that makes him an entirely public man. What weight and penetration are here, what unerring interlocking logic. His definitions have become our current speech, and sentences culled from his deliverances will outlast the words of any other American.

It matters little how genius obtains its gifts. We care not who taught Homer, or with whom Shakspeare took counsel. They dominate us but they resent our curiosities. The tides of eternity find some estuaries where they can flow magnificently. And Lincoln had ample room for their silent and massive floods. The pulse of 20,000,000 throbbed in his breast, their thoughts find expression from his anointed tongue. For such a current he had sufficient outlet, and held between the people and their God, he had

a commerce with heaven and earth that made him rich toward both.

I am convinced that this heroic man has not yet received his last laurel. Men wonder that he should be so richly crowned. But wonder will cease and the coronation will proceed apace. He was possessed of heights and depths no man of his times could claim and some of these as yet are but dimly suspect.

These strange and unusual gifts, which are beyond the wont of nature did not become riotous through sheer strength, or play false to things of lesser fortune. In Napoleon, they wrought the destruction of humanity, and one trembles to think of the penalties that would have visited this land had Lincoln been nothing save a genius, a supremely gifted man. But he also carried more familiar excellences and virtues, and these he maintained at an unusual pitch of perfection. He did not parade his shining qualities. He sought no meretricious applause or maudlin sympathy. After he was President he was loth to speak unless from sheer necessity. And he made no reference to the rugged lot of his early days. He did not cause censure by superiority; he invited confidence, he disarmed suspicion, he confirmed good will. This broad humor was at times extravagant, but it was narrow when compared with his width of being, and its relief saved his staggering brain and heart. By its means he kept the fool in his place, concealed his profound plans and policies, and gently offset the stilted artificialisms of men who lacked his lissome naturalness. So from the phenomenal association in Lincoln of supreme and normal talents there issued the salvation of the people. For practical purposes religion and morality are of one; split for our mental convenience and for learned discussion, and by some mistakenly conceived as too widely apart, since they deem the creatures of their minds absolute realities.

Is it not superfluous naughtiness to ask if Lincoln was religious? Do the stars shine? Does the sun give forth light and heat? Men tithe mint, anise and cummin, and glance at him to see how he tallies with their pettiness. I tell you that; busy in earthly politics as he was, he had moral might and majesty upon the like of which God's judgment throne is reared. He belonged to the glad hearts, without reproach or blot, who do God's will and know it not. He was excellent by reason of an instinctive conscience, the vicar of the skies within him, and not because he had to constantly struggle to keep from leasing lies and vanity. He had his days of doubt, induced in part by an ever-searching mind and in part by credal barriers that wrongly tested the qualifications for sainthood.

But when the storms of personal and public woe burst upon his tender and firm nature, he bowed his knees to his Father, and wooed that passionless bride, divine tranquility. She came to his heart through great tribulation. But in the last days, as he was being prepared for his ending, sorrow had no dominion that could usurp his peace. His griefs dug deep channels in him, and then love came and filled them with its healing waters. In Passion Week he died, when the flowers were bursting forth from the earth, and the last gun had been fired. He had read a passage from "Macbeth" a few days before when sailing down the James River. He repeated it aloud twice and thrice:

Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor
poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

A marked change had transformed him before the murderous shot was sent by a debauched fanatic, who, as usual, bragged his code of honor. He was, in fact, transfigured: "That indescribable sadness which had previously seemed to be an adamant element of his being, had been suddenly changed for

an equally indescribable expression of serene joy." He was now ready to be offered up, and the time of his departure was at hand. We would have kept him, but it was a selfish desire. We would have wished for him a long and mellow eventide the night would linger to disturb. But it was not to be. Death kept his greatest trophy to the last, and then, like dwellers in an uncalculated eclipse, we received in dumbness and in horror the proudest token of death's power upon a vassal world.

Why should he tarry here when all heaven was expectant? Let others prove in reconstruction agonies how greatly he was missed. Had he not borne and suffered enough? He little loves him who would detain him from his ascending chariot.

When the catastrophic blow was known the world awoke to weep, and Easter put off its beautiful garments and was robed in woe. In great cities men and women walked with bent heads and white faces, and eyes too dry for tears. The railroads which bore him back to the West were via Dolorosa. At midnight's hour the fires burned in the rain revealing groups of sobbing citizens who

stood with bared heads at every rural crossing to see his transit. Around his tomb the English speaking peoples met, headed by the Queen of Britain, whose wreath lay on the coffin of her fellow ruler. Walt Whitman's song was purified in the cry "O Captain, My Captain." James Russell Lowell spoke of our martyr-chief. The editor of Punch pleaded for a place he confessed he did not deserve by the side of that coffin. Bishop Simpson, who had spent secret hours in prayer with him pronounced the vindications of his immortality. The fearful task of affectionate reverence was done. And we dismiss it from our thought in the words of the late laureate:

Lead out the pageant, sad and slow,
As fits a universal woe.
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow—
The last great "American is low."

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet un moulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see.

Ours the pain, be his the gain;
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here,
At this, our great solemnity.

Whom we see not we revere;
We revere and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility.

For tho' the giant ages heave the hill
And break the shore and evermore
Make and break and work their will;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and godlike men we build our trust.

Hush! The "Dead March" wails in the people's ears;
The dark crowd moves and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns, the mortal disappears—
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

He is gone who seemed seemed so great—
Gone, but nothing can bereave him,
Of the force he made his own,
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wealth that man can weave him.

Speak no more of his renown;
Lay your earthly fancies down
And in his peaceful slumber leave him—
God accept him, Christ receive him.

The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels or our nature.—Abraham Lincoln (Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861).

Address of St. Clair McKelway

AT THE CITY CLUB IN MANHATTAN FEB. 13, 1909.

"My friends—Those who read this morning's papers learned that the women and the men who knew, saw and heard Abraham Lincoln made the most vital addresses or tributes as to him. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has given to the world a poem worthy of Lincoln and of herself. Lyman Abbott, Joseph H. Choate, Horace Porter and other men of New York, as well as citizens of New England and the Middle West, have said splendid things. Next to these the men influenced by the tradition of Lincoln are a notable number. And not among the least of them are the Southerners and the children of the Southerners who have passed under the Lincoln influence.

"We thus find the men who knew and heard Lincoln and the men upon whom the influence of Lincoln has fallen uniting in as memorable a tribute as the nation or the world ever paid to a human being. The service was transcendent and the keynote of it was freedom to the race. We should not quarrel with the estimates of those who would have made that keynote different. It is better for every man to be sincere than for all of them to be right. My own humble opinion is that emancipation wrought at least as much good to the whites as to the negroes, and that the preservation of the Constitution was the greatest work to which Lincoln set his hands. Emancipation without the Constitution might have left the United States a wrangling series of jealous and discordant republics. Emancipation with the Constitution and within the Constitution preserved the jewel of liberty and the citadel of federated government as its casket. The prayer of Webster: 'Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable,' was answered through the service and genius of Lincoln, and he must be skeptical, indeed, who can believe that the answer was not prescribed by a Power that is Divine.

"I notice that Goldwin Smith, in an elaborate article, rates Lincoln very highly, except in those proceedings as to which he differed from Mr. Lincoln himself. The unconscious egotism and the imperturbable complacency of Goldwin Smith are amusing—but not amazing. He is good enough to perceive that Lincoln was eventually right, because he finally reached the plane which he should have reached at an earlier period. Mr. Smith, however, forgives the dilatoriness of our great President, and on the whole commends him to the admiration of mankind. Mr. Gladstone was under the same necessity to differ from Mr. Lincoln, and to carry the difference to the extent of buying Confederate bonds, and of favoring the recognition of the independence of the Confederate States. Prince Albert, Queen Victoria, Disraeli and other English persons, unparadoxically differing from Mr. Gladstone, stayed his hand in Parliament and in the foreign office, and such Americans as Archbishop Hughes, Thurlow Weed and Charles Francis Adams, as well as Henry Ward Beecher, confirmed and consolidated, on English soil and to English minds, the conviction of John Bright, earliest, longest and stoutest friend of ours in Great Britain, that liberty and union were and forever would be one and inseparable here. Thus, Mr. Lincoln's unconditional American friends and unconditional British friends and be-

lievers gradually brought Mr. Lincoln's British critics to their way of thinking and sturdily held the British government to lines of neutrality which have since broadened into ties of brotherhood between the two English-speaking nations of the world.

Lessons of the Lincoln Centennial.

"These are among the lessons which the Lincoln centennial renews to Americans, and the lessons are invaluable. Those who knew, met and heard Lincoln were captivated by him. Those who for many reasons, some ambitious, some envious, and all unjust, at the start belittled or distrusted Lincoln, grew to a larger moral stature as they perceived his moral and mental magnitude. Those who discerned that there was no place for a state outside of the union, and those who realized that the Constitution must be made the integument of liberty to give to liberty either protection or perpetuity, were patient with Lincoln from the first, or grew to be patient with him before long. The men who knew themselves to be wiser than Lincoln, because they were less patient, more heady and more precipitant, were unable to get posterity to accept their own valuation of themselves, and some of them are still inconsolable on that account.

"Among the very best qualities of Lincoln was the one that could make allowances. He could make allowances for those who differed from him by reason of lesser knowledge or lesser patience. He knew that the larger knowledge would come and the larger patience with it. Among those who were not wholly just to Lincoln, though ever desirous to be, was Charles Sumner. The morning Mr. Lincoln gave notice that he would proclaim emancipation, if in a few months' time the South should not lay down its arms, Mr. Lincoln, as George William Curtis told me, sent a copy of his notice to the Senator from Massachusetts with the simple statement, in his own writing: 'I am only three weeks behind you, Mr. Sumner.' And that stately Senator found his opposition dissolved by a blow so magnanimous and so gentle that he hastened to Mr. Lincoln with assurances of attachment that were not afterward displaced. And when Mr. Lincoln went to the Second Inauguration Ball he took Mr. Sumner with him in the carriage and committed to Mr. Sumner the escort of Mrs. Lincoln on that occasion of spectacle. The healing and confirming gospel of fellowship and of faith which this attested was lost to history, but it was long preserved in the traditions of the Federal Capital.

"The disarming Lincoln, the conciliatory Lincoln, the magnanimous Lincoln, the optimistic Lincoln, the forgiving Lincoln is the one I much like to remember on an anniversary such as this and under associations such as these. The critics, the gentlemen whom Beaconsfield said have failed in literature and in art, carry no Lincoln in their minds and suggest no Lincoln by their thoughts and letters whom the world will little note or long remember. Lincoln, the great Magistrate, Lincoln the orator of persuasion and conversion, Lincoln the lawyer of subtlety, learning and of masterful influence with juries, will lose no

place and will lose no rating. But Lincoln, the man of heart, the man of sensibility, the man who respected women, loved children, pardoned those sentenced to die when they did not deserve death and who wrote himself a place on the tablets of the hearts of women and of men, is the Lincoln that will make history tender, chronicle human, faith indestructible, love eternal and tradition immortal.

"Lincoln was so many sided and so great that his enemies have derived more fame from the man they opposed than from their opposition. So loving and so luminous in this Lincoln that he lighted even his foes to posterity and transfused even some of them with a splendor not their own. As was said somewhere yesterday, I think by Lyman Abbott, perhaps it was Choate, or perhaps Horace Porter, Abraham Lincoln knew the South itself better than Jefferson Davis, whom the South made its leader, regarded as its interpreter and who was long prone to be considered to be its martyr. Mr. Lincoln knew the universal South. Mr. Davis knew the patrician South. The universal South has responded to the heart of Lincoln, and there are no eulogists of Lincoln to-day so sincere and so cordial as the Southern people as a whole. The letters and the addresses of Lincoln, from the moment he was baptized by suffrage and by prayer into the Presidency, everywhere breathe a tenderness, a trustfulness, and what Dr. Storrs was wont to call 'a longanimity,' that are transcendent. His humor was quaint, rare and constant, but it was the by-product of qualities much more serious and lasting. It was the relief from despair. It was the antidote to depression. It was a foil against rude, rash and intrusive fools. It was an aid to the despondency of others and an amelioration of their apprehension or a dissolvent of their doubts. It was an ornamentation, not a substantiality. It will fall away and perish, just as the parts of a statue which are not the statue itself are brushed off before it is placed upon its pedestal for the observation of all and for the appreciation of the best.

"I am glad that the city, the state, all the states and the world have passed under the spell of this anniversary. I hope we can realize, without vanity, the larger America of to-day than the America of Lincoln's labors and of Lincoln's love. His labors make the larger America better worth living in and better worth laboring for than it would have been without him. Gradually, the indestructibility of the nation in which he believed is becoming appreciated. Gradually the imperishability of the states to which he was devoted is being realized. Slowly but surely the measurement of all accessions to suffrage by knowledge, character and fitness is getting to be the policy of the commonwealths and is being judicially vindicated by the highest courts of the states and of the nation. The America that Lincoln foresaw is becoming the America of to-day and the calamity of his assassination, in postponing the realization of that America, is being cured by time, just as his ideal when dying is on the verge of being made the policy, the possession, the purpose and the passion of his surviving countrymen."

Impressions of Abraham Lincoln

BY THE LATE REV. DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

(From the February Homiletic Review.)

The first time I ever saw Abraham Lincoln was in November, 1860, a few days after his election to the presidency. I met him at the Tremont House in Chicago. He had just come from Springfield to Chicago and he was accompanied by his minister, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Springfield, whose name now escapes me. His pastor told me that Lincoln had once been a very faithful teacher in the Sabbath school of his church, and this is a very important fact in its bearing on the much discussed question of Mr. Lincoln's religious character. I sent in my card to Mr. Lincoln, and when we met, he greeted me with a characteristic grasp of the hand, and his first sentence touched my soft spot, when he said:

"I have kept up with you nearly every week in the New York Independent."

The next time I saw Mr. Lincoln was when he was riding down Broadway, which was thronged with a gazing multitude, on his way to assume the presidency. He stood up in a barouche, holding on to the seat of the driver with one hand. On his bare head rose a thick mass of black hair, the crown which nature gave to her king. His melancholy eyes had a far-away look, as though he was conscious of the toils and troubles that awaited him. The great patriot President, moving on toward the conflict, the glory and the martyrdom was the most majestic figure that my eyes have ever beheld. He never passed through New York again until he was borne through tears and broken hearts on his journey to his Western tomb.

During the Civil War I visited Washington as one of the preachers for the Christian Commission. On one of my visits to Washington, when I was the guest of Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, I expressed a desire to call upon Mr. Lincoln. That evening he was to hold a levee at the White House. I went over very early, and when the doors of the East Room opened, I was the first person who came in to salute him as he stood in the center of the parlor. His first words were:

"Dr. Cuyler, I am glad to see you. I haven't seen you since that evening at the Tremont House in Chicago."

During that time he had encountered hundreds of thousands of persons, but his memory of that little incident was perfect. His recollection was remark-

able and his great tact in recognizing people was one of the greatest contributors to his personal influence. It was truly wonderful how he remembered everybody he had ever seen.

On the day following the levee, I called on him again, accompanied by my venerable mother, who said that she could not die happy unless she had seen Mr. Lincoln.

My mother and I found him standing alone in the room, opposite the table on which he had written the Emancipation Proclamation. His hair was unkempt, his eyes had a weary look. He said to us that he had not seen his wife, he had been so busy—and it was then after 4 o'clock in the afternoon—since 7 o'clock that morning. And this day was but one of almost countless others like it. When we came out, my mother said, "Did you ever see such a sad countenance in your life? Isn't it cruel to keep that man here in such suffering?" We speak of him as the martyr President, but the truth is that his martyrdom lasted through four years of overwhelming anxieties and personal suffering under the burden of his responsibilities, in his unceasing efforts in behalf of the people who had submitted to his care the welfare of the nation.

There has been no little discussion in regard to the religious character of Abraham Lincoln. That he was a man of the most strict and exemplary morality no one has ever disputed. For example, in his early life he made a speech for total abstinence which had a wide circulation. When the notification committee called upon him to inform him of his election to the presidency, instead of bringing out a decanter of wine, as might have been expected, he brought only a pitcher of cold water and told the committee that he would entertain them with the oldest beverage that had ever passed the lips of man. He was, with all of his jesting and fondness for mirthful stories, very clean-mouthed, and most reverential in his utterances.

That Abraham Lincoln believed in prayer no one has ever disputed. When his intimate friend, Bishop Simpson, for whom he had a warm attachment, called upon him, it was his custom to request Simpson to offer prayer with him, and I think it was to Simpson that he made that memorable utterance: "I have often been driven to my knees when, under the pressure of overwhelming difficulty, I felt

that my own wisdom and that of others around me had utterly failed, and I had nowhere else to go."

General Rusling of New Jersey has published an account of an interview with Mr. Lincoln in which the President told him of a prayer which he had offered before the battle of Gettysburg, in which he promised that if God should give to the Union arms the victory, he would be true to his promise of universal emancipation. Now then, if Mr. Lincoln was a man so pure and exemplary in his private life, if he believed, as he did not hesitate to avow, so emphatically in the efficacy of prayer, the question arises: "Why is it that he never made any public profession of his faith in Christ and never entered into membership of any church?"

I have already said that in Springfield he was a Sabbath school teacher, but that did not require that he should be a member of the church which he attended. During his presidential days in Washington he was a regular attendant and pew-holder in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. The pastor of that church was a man possessed of a very high order of intellect and of spirituality. But with all of his personal excellences as a most godly minister of Jesus Christ, he did not gain a strong personal hold upon Mr. Lincoln. I have always believed that if the President had been under the ministry of his beloved friend, Bishop Simpson, or the eloquent Dr. Edward N. Kirk of Boston, both of whom used to visit him and inspire him with fresh ardor in his great work and to express to him their warmest sympathy with his aim at emancipation, either of them might have gained an influence that would have led him to an open declaration of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It has even been said that Lincoln gave as a reason for not uniting with the Church that he was not prepared to subscribe to any entire denominational creed; that if they only asked him to subscribe to the two great commandments—to love God with all his heart and mind and strength and his fellow men as himself—he would be willing to unite with the Church on such conditions.

Whether that were true or not, I still feel that had he been, during those four years, under the constant loving oversight and association with a pastor who had won his way into his heart, he might have been brought into the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Philosophy of the Election

(An address delivered by Mr. Lincoln to a group of serenaders on November 10, 1864, the second night after his re-election.)

It has long been a grave question whether any government not too strong for the liberties of its people can be strong enough to maintain its own existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion brought our republic to a severe test, and a presidential election occurring in regular course during the rebellion added not a little to the strain. If the loyal people united were put to the utmost of their strength by the rebellion, must they not fail when divided and partially paralyzed by a political war among themselves? But the election was a necessity. We cannot have free government without elections; and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us. The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men of this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this, as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged. But the election, along with its incidental and undesirable strife, has done good, too. It has demonstrated that a people's government can sustain a national election in the midst of a

great civil war. Until now it has not been known to the world that this was a possibility. It shows, also, how sound and how strong we still are. It shows that, even among candidates of the same party, he who is most devoted to the Union and most opposed to treason can receive most of the people's votes. It shows also, to the extent yet known, that we have more men now than we had when the war began. Gold is good in its place, but living, brave, patriotic men are better than gold. But the rebellion continues; and now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result.

May I ask those who have not differed with me to join with me in this same spirit toward those who have? And now let me close by asking three hearty cheers for our brave soldiers and seamen, and their gallant and skillful commanders.

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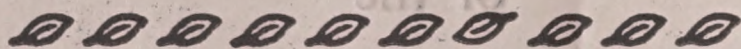
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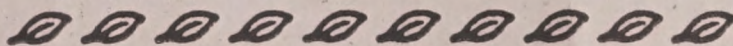
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